

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

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LONDON FETTER LANE, E C 4



NEW YORK THE MACMILLAN CO

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ENGLISH VERSE

OLD AND NEW

AN ANTHOLOGY FOR SCHOOLS

EDITED BY

G. C. F. MEAD, M.A.

AND

RUPERT C. CLIFT, B.A.

*Masters at Aldenham School, formerly
of Pembroke College, Cambridge*



Specimen
for
consideration

CAMBRIDGE
AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS

1924

TO
SIR ARTHUR T QUILLER-COUCH
PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE
IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE

FIRST EDITION 1922
SECOND EDITION 1923
REPRINTED 1924

PRINTED GREAT BRITAIN

PREFACE

THE compilation of a school anthology, in which the old and the new are boldly associated on an original plan, demands, perhaps, a word of explanation

We believe that a feeling for poetry is best imparted by stimulating an interest in contemporary work; that this interest should be made to lead to an appreciation of the finest poetry of earlier periods, and that every care should be taken that the poetry of "modern anthologies" should not be regarded as something distinct from that of the standard "repetition books" generally used

Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*, by use the most hallowed of all anthologies, seems to us too massive for our purpose, and, claiming to be representative of English Lyrical Poetry, to include much that we would not wish to present to a boy, as rightly for the moment beyond his range. Yet it will be clear from what we have included that we do not mean to make his way too easy or to narrow his vision.

This anthology, then, is based on a conviction that there is need for a collection of poems of direct appeal drawn from ancient as well as modern sources, between the covers of a single book. We have deliberately given a disproportionate space to living poets, not because we wish to exalt the moderns above the ancients, but because we believe that the best way of stimulating an interest

PREFACE

in poetry is to show that it is a thing of life and power in our own day

The material is grouped in five parts. The order of time is disregarded, on the ground that a perception of the common element in English poetry is of greater value than a knowledge of its chronological sequence. With the same principle in view, an attempt is made to arrange the poems so that the reader is led from the simpler poems of immediate appeal to the more profound work. Except where the author is still living, the dates of his birth and death are attached.

Our thanks are due to the following authors and literary executors for their kindness in permitting us to reprint copyright work.

Mrs Allingham (for *The Fairies* by the late William Allingham), Mr Martin Armstrong, Mr Hilaire Belloc, Mr W. S. Blunt, the Poet Laureate, Mr A. Y. Campbell, Mr G. K. Chesterton, Mrs Henry Cust (for *Non Nobis* by the late Henry Cust), Mr Walter de la Mare, Messrs P. J. and A. E. Dobell and Mr William Reeve (for *The Vine* by James Thomson (B. V.)), Mr John Drinkwater, Mr John Freeman, Mr Robert Graves, Lord Desborough (for *Into Battle* by Julian Grenfell), Mrs Henley (for *Unconquerable* by W. E. Henley), Mrs Katharine Tynan Hinkson, Mr Ralph Hodgson, Mr A. E. Housman, Mr Rudyard Kipling, Mr Shane Leslie, Mr John Masefield, Mr Wilfred Meynell (for two poems by Francis Thompson), Mr Harold Monroe, Sir Henry

PREFACE

Newbolt, Mrs Joseph Plunkett (for *I see His blood upon the rose* by Joseph Plunkett), Mr Edward Shanks, Mr J C Squire, Prof W R Sorley (for *The Song of the Ungirt Runners* by the late Charles Sorley), Mrs Edward Thomas (for *Lights Out* by the late Edward Thomas), Mr Herbert Trench, Mr W. J Turner, Mr W B. Yeats, Mr E Hilton Young

It is impossible to mention severally the books from which poems have been drawn, but our debt to *The Oxford Book of English Verse* of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, and to Mr J C Squire's *Selections from Modern Poets* should in all fairness be recorded

Our acknowledgments to the various publishers who have assisted the book with permission to print copyright work will be found in the List of Authors

G C F MEAD
RUPERT C CLIFT

ROUGEMONT
1922

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION

WE have taken the opportunity of correcting one or two minor mistakes and of substituting the later version of Rossetti's *The Blessed Damozel* for the version originally included, also the lines "Sound, sound the clarion " have been ascribed to their proper author Both these changes are due to suggestions contained in reviews

Otherwise the contents of the book remain unaltered We are grateful for much friendly criticism and many expressions of appreciation.

G C F M
R C C

ALDENHA
1923

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PART I

Off the Ground

THREE jolly Farmers
Once bet a pound
Each dance the others would
Off the ground.
Out of their coats
They slipped right soon,
And neat and nicesome
Put each his shoon
One—Two—Three!
And away they go,
Not too fast
And not too slow,
Out from the elm-tree's
Noonday shadow,
Into the sun
And across the meadow.
Past the schoolroom,
With knees well bent,
Fingers a-flicking,
They dancing went.
Upsides and over,
And round and round,
They crossed click-clacking
The Parish bound,
y Tup an's eadow
They did their mile,
Tee-to-tum
On a three-barred stile
Then straight through Whipha
Downhill to Week,
Footin it lightsome

WALTER DE LA MARE

But not too quick,
Up fields to Watchet
And on through Wye,
Till seven fine churches
They'd seen skip by—
Seven fine churches,
And five old mills,
Farms in the valley,
And sheep on the hills;
Old Man's Acre
And Dead Man's Pool
All left behind
As they danced through Wool.
And Wool gone by
Like tops that seem
To spin in sleep
They danced in dream
Withy—Wellover—
Wassop—Wo—
Like an old clock
Their heels did go
A league and a league
And a league they went,
And not one weary
And not one spent
And lo! and behold!
Past Willow-cum-Leigh
Stretched with its waters
The great green sea
Says Farmer Bates.
"I puffs and I blows,
What's under the water
Why no man knows!"
Says Farmer Giles.
"My mind comes weak,
And a good man drowned
Is far to seek"

WALTER DE LA MARE

ut Farmer Turvey,
On twirlin' toes,
Ups with his garters,
And in he goes
Down where the mermaids
Pluck and play
On their twangling harps
In a sea-green day,
Down where the mermaids,
Finned and fair,
Sleek with their combs
Their yellow hair .
ates and Giles
On the shingle sat,
Gazing at Turvey's
Floating hat
But never a ripple
Nor bubble told
Where he was suppin
Off plates of old
Never an echo
Rilled through the sea
Of the feasting and dancin
And minstrelsy
They called—called—called.
Came no reply
Nought but the ripples'
Sandy sigh
Then glum and silent
They sat instead
Vacantly brooding
On home and bed,
Till both together
Stood up and said
"Us knows not, dreams not
Where you be,
Turvey, unless

In the deep blue sea,
 ut axcusing silver—
And it comes most willing—
Here's us two paying
Our forty shilling,
For it's sartin sure, Turvey,
Safe and sound
You danced us square, Turvey,
Off the ground !''

WALTER DE LA MARE

Ti e, Yo Old Gipsy Man

TIME, you old gipsy man,
Will you not stay,
Put up your caravan
 Just for one day?

All things I'll give you,
Will you be my guest,
Bells for your jennet
Of silver the best,
Goldsmiths shall beat you
A reat golden ring,
Peacocks shall bow to you,
Little boys sing,
Oh, and sweet girls will
Festoon you with may,
Time, you old gipsy,
Why hasten away?

Last week in Babylon,
Last night in Rome,
Morning, and in the crush
Under Paul's dome,
Under Paul's dial
You ti hten your rein—

R HODGSON ❀ H. MONRO

Only a oment,
And off once again,
Off to some city
Now blind in the womb,
Off to another
Ere that's in the tomb
Time, you old gipsy man,
Will you not stay,
Put up your caravan
Just for one day?

RALP ODGSO

Overheard o a Salt rsh

NYMPH, nymph, what are your beads?
Green glass, goblin Why do you stare at the ?
Give them me

No

Give them me Give them me

No

Then I will howl all night in the reeds,
Lie in the mud and howl for them
Goblin, why do you love them so?
They are better than stars or water,
Better than voices of winds that sing,
Better than any man's fair daughter,
Your reen glass beads on a silver rin .
Hush, I stole them out of the moon.
Give me your beads, I want them "

No.

I will lie and howl in a deep lagoon
For your green glass beads, I love the so.
Give them me Give them

No

HAROLD MONRO

Wolfra 's Song

OLD Adam, the carrion crow,
 The old crow of Cairo,
 He sat in the shower, and let it flow
 Under his tail and over his crest,
 And through every feather
 Leaked the wet weather,
 And the bough swung under his nest;
 For his beak it was heavy with arrow.
 Is that the wind dying? O no,
 It's only two devils, that blow
 Throu h a murderer's bones, to and fro,
 In the hosts' oonshine

Ho! Eva, my grey carrion wife,
 When we have supped on kings' marrow,
 Where shall we drink and make merry our life?
 Our nest it is Queen Cleopatra's skull,
 'Tis cloven and cracked,
 And battered and hacked,
 ut with tears of blue ey it is full;
 Let us drink then, my raven of Cairo.
 Is that the wind dying? O no,
 It's only two devils, that blow
 Through a urderer's bones, to and fro,
 In the ghosts' oonshine

T OMAS LOVELL BEDDOES

1803-1849

- The Dead Knight

THE cleanly rush of the ountain air,
 And the mumbling, grumbling hu ble-bees
 Are the only things that wander there
 The pitiful bones are laid at ease,
 The rass has grown in his tangled hair,
 And a rambling bramble binds his knees.

J. MASEFIELD * R GRAVES

To shrieve his soul from the pans of hell,
The only requiem bells that ran
Were the harebell and the heather bell.
Hushed he is with the holy spell
In the gentle hymn the wind sang,
And he lies quiet, and sleeps well.

He is bleached and blanchèd with the summer sun;
The misty rain and the cold dew
Have altered him from the kingly one
Who his lady loved, and his men knew,
And dwindled him to a skeleton

The vetches have twined about his bones,
The straggling ivy twists and creeps
In his eye-sockets the nettle keeps
Vil about him while he sleeps.
Over his body the wind moans
With a dreary note throughout the day,
In a chorus wistful, eerie, thin
As the gulls' cry, as the cry in the bay,
The mournful word the seas say
When tides are wanderin' out or in

JOHN MASEFIELD

Star-Talk

"ARE you awake, Gemelli,
This frosty night?"
"We'll be awake till reveillé,
Which is Sunrise," say the Gemelli,
"It's no good trying to go to sleep
If there's wine to be got we'll drink it deep,
But rest is hopeless to-night,
But rest is hopeless to-night"

ROBERT GRAVES

"Are you cold too, poor Pleiads,
This frosty night?"
Yes, and so are the Hyads.
See us cuddle and hug," say the Pleiads,
"All six in a ring, it keeps us warm
We huddle together like birds in a storm:
It's bitter weather to-night,
It's bitter weather to-night"

"What do you hunt, Orion,
This starry night?"
"The Ram, the Bull and the Lion
And the Great Bear," says Orion,
"With my starry quiver and beautiful belt
I am trying to find a good thick pelt
To warm my shoulders to-night,
To warm my shoulders to-night"

"Did you hear that, Great She-bear,
This frosty night?"
"Yes, he's talking of stripping *me* bare
Of my own big fur," says the She-bear
"I'm afraid of the man and his terrible arrow:
The thought of it chills my bones to the arrow,
And the frost so cruel to-night!
And the frost so cruel to-night!"

"How is your trade, Aquarius,
This frosty night?"
"Complaints is many and various
And my feet are cold," says Aquarius,
"There's Venus objects to Dolphin-scales,
And Mars to Crab-spawn found in my pails,
And the pump has frozen to-night,
And the pump has frozen to-night"

ROBERT GRAVES

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Kubla Khan

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Throu h caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were ardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossom'd many an incense-bearing tree,
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery

But O, that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By a woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced;
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail.
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momentarily the sacred river
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reach'd the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!
The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves,

S. T COLERIDGE ❀ W. DE LA MARE

Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It as a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she play'd,
Singing of Mount Abora
Could I revive within me,
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

1772-1834

The Song of the Mad Prince

WHO said, "Peacock Pie"?
The old King to the sparrow.
Who said, "Crops are ripe"?
Rust to the harrow.
Who said, "Where sleeps she now?"
Where rests she now her head,
Athwart in Eve's loveliness"?—
That's what I said

W. DE LA MARE P. . SHELL Y

Who said, "Ay, u 's the word"?
Sexton to willow.
Who said, "Green dust for dreams,
Moss for a pillow"?
Who said, "All Time's deli ht
Hath she for narrow bed,
Life's troubled bubble broken"?—
That's what I said.

WALTER DE LA A

The Moo

I

AND, like a dying lady lean and pale,
Who totters forth, wrapp'd in a auzy veil,
Out of her chamber, led by the insane
And feeble wanderings of her fading brain,
The moon arose up in the urky east
A white and shapeless mass

II

Art thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven and gazin on the earth,
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth,
And ever changing, like a joyless eye
That finds no object worth its constancy?

PERCY BYSSHE S ELLEY

1792-1822

Drea -Pedlary

IF there were dreams to sell,
What would you buy?
Some cost a passing bell,
Some a light sigh,
That shakes from Life's fresh crown
Only a rose-leaf down
If there were dreams to sell,
Merry and sad to tell,
And the crier rang the bell,
What would you buy?

A cottage lone and still
With bowers nigh,
Shadowy, my woes to still,
Until I die
Such pearl from Life's fresh crown
Fain would I shake me down
Were dreams to have at will,
This would best heal my ill,
This would I buy

THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES

1803-1849

Day That I Have Loved

TENDERLY, day that I have loved, I close
your eyes,
And soothe your quiet brow, and fold your thin
dead hands
The grey veils of the half-light deepen; colour dies.
I bear you, a light burden, to the shrouded sands,

RUPERT BROOKE

Where lies your waiting boat, by wreaths of the
sea's making

Mist-garlanded, with all grey weeds of the water
crowned

There you'll be laid, past fear of sleep or hope of
waking,

And over the unmoving sea, without a sound,

Faint hands will row you outward, out beyond our
sight,

Us with stretched arms and empty eyes on the far-
gleaming

And marble sand .

Beyond the shifting cold twilight,
Further than laughter goes, or tears, further than
dreaming,

There'll be no port, no dawn-lit islands! But the
drear

Waste darkening, and, at length, flame ultimate on
the deep.

Oh, the last fire—and you, unkissed, unfriended
there!

Oh, the lone way's red ending, and we not there
to weep!

(We found you pale and quiet, and str ely
crowned with flowers,

Lovely and secret as a child You came with us,
Came happily, hand in hand with the young dancin
hours,

High on the downs at dawn!) Void now and tene-
brous,

The grey sands curve before me

From the inland eadows,
Fragrant of June and clover, floats the dark and
fills

R. ROOKE * J E FLECKER

The hollow sea's dead face with little creeping
 shadows,
And the white silence brims the hollow of the hills

Close in the nest is folded every weary wing,
Hushed all the joyful voices, and we, who held
 you dear,
Eastward we turn and homeward, alone, re-
 e bering
Day that I loved, day that I loved, the Night is
 here!

RUPERT BROOKE

1887-1915

The Old Ships

I HAVE seen old ships sail like swans asleep
Beyond the village which men still call Tyre,
With leaden age o'ercargoed, dipping deep
For Famagusta and the hidden sun
That rings black Cyprus with a lake of fire;
And all those ships were certainly so old
Who knows how oft with squat and noisy gun,
Questin brown slaves or Syrian oranges,
The pirate Genoese
Hell-raked them till they rolled
 lood, water, fruit and corpses up the hold
But now through friendly seas they softly run,
Painted the mid-sea blue or shore-sea reen,
Still patterned with the vine and grapes in gold

ut I have seen,
Pointing her shapely shadows from the dawn
And image tumbled on a rose-swept bay,
A drowsy ship of some yet older day,
And, wonder's breath indrawn,

J E FLECKER * J DRINKWATER

Thou ht I—who knows—who knows—but in that
same

(Fished up beyond Æ a, patched up new
—Stern painted brighter blue—)

That talkative, bald-headed seaman came
(Twelve patient comrades sweating at the oar)
From Troy's doom-crimson shore,
And with reat lies about his wooden horse
et the crew lau hin , and forgot his course.

It was so old a ship—who knows, who knows?
—And yet so beautiful, I watched in vain
To see the ast burst open with a rose,
And the hole deck put on its leaves a ain.

JAMES ELROY FLEC
1884-1915

The Cotswold Farmers

SOMETIMES the ghosts forgotten
Along the hill-top way,
And with lon scythes of silver mow
Meadows of moonlit hay,
Until the cocks of Cotswold crow
The co in of the day

There's Tony Turkletob who died
When he could drink no more,
And Uncle Heritage, the pride
Of ei hteen-twenty-four,
And Ebenezer Barleytide,
And others half a score

They fold in phanto pens, and plou h
Furrows without a share,
And one will milk a faery cow,
And one will stare and stare,
And whistle hostly tunes that now
Are ot sun anywhere

J. DRINKWATER * W. DE LA MARE

The moon goes down on Oakridge lea,
The other world's astir,
The Cotswold Farmers silently
Go back to sepulchre,
The sleeping watchdogs wake, and see
No ghostly harvester.

JOHN DRINKWATER

Nod

SOFTLY along the road of evening,
In a twilight dim with rose,
Wrinkled with age, and drenched with dew
Old Nod, the shepherd, goes.

His drowsy flock streams on before him,
Their fleeces charged with gold,
To where the sun's last beam leans low
On Nod the shepherd's fold

The hedge is quick and reen with briar,
From their sand the conies creep,
And all the birds that fly in heaven
Flock singing home to sleep

His lambs outnumber a noon's roses,
Yet, when night's shadows fall,
His blind old sheep-dog, Slumber-soon,
Misses not one of all

His are the quiet steeps of drea land,
The waters of no-more-pain,
is ram's bell rings 'neath an arch of stars,
"Rest, rest, and rest again "

WALTE DE LA MA

Vespers

BLACK BIRD, what a boy you are!
How you do go it!
Blowing your bugle to that one sweet star—
How you do blow it!
And does she hear you, blackbird boy, so far?
Or is it wasted breath?
“Good Lord! She is so bright
To-night!”
The blackbird saith.

THOMAS WARD BROWN
1830-1897

Solitude

WHEN you have tidied all things for the
night,
And while your thoughts are fading to their sleep,
You'll pause a moment in the late firelight,
Too sorrowful to weep

The large and gentle furniture has stood
sympathetic silence all the day
With that old kindness of domestic wood;
Nevertheless the haunted room will say:
“One must be away”

The little dog rolls over half awake,
Stretches his paws, yawns, looking up at you,
Wags his tail very slightly for your sake,
That you may feel he is unhappy too.

A distant engine whistles, or the floor
Creaks, or the wandering night-wind bangs a door

H. MONRO J. MASEFI LD

Silence is scattered like a broken lass
The minutes prick their ears and run about,
Then one by one subside again and pass
edately in, onotonously out.

You bend your head and wipe away a tear.
olitude walks o e heavy step ore near.

AROL O R

Cargoes

QUINQUIREME of Nineveh from distant
Ophir

Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
With a cargo of ivory,
And apes and peacocks,
andalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine.

Stately Spanish alleon coming from the Isthmus,
Dipping through the Tropics by the pal -green
shores,
With a cargo of diamonds,
Emeralds, amethysts,
Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke stack
uttin throu h the Channel in the ad March
days,
With a cargo of Tyne coal,
Road-rails, pig-lead,
Fire ood, iron-ware, and cheap tin trays

JOHN MASEFIELD

Three Men of Gotha

SEAMEN three! What men be ye?
 Gotha 's three wise men we be
 Whither in your bowl so free?
 To rake the moon from out the sea
 The bowl goes trim The moon doth shine.
 And our ballast is old wine —
 And your ballast is old wine.

Who art thou, so fast adrift?
 I am he they call Old Care
 Here on board we will thee lift.
 No I may not enter there
 Wherefore so? 'Tis Jove's decree,
 In a bowl Care may not be —
 In a bowl Care may not be

Fear ye not the waves that roll?
 No in charmed bowl we swim
 What the charm that floats the bowl?
 Water may not pass the brim
 The bowl goes trim The moon doth shine
 And our ballast is old wine —
 And your ballast is old wine

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK

1785-1866

Oxy a dias

I MET a traveller from an antique land
 Who said "Two vast and trunkless legs of
 stone
 Stand in the desert Near them on the sand,
 Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown
 And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command

P . SHELLEY ❀ R HERRICK

Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless
things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed
And on the pedestal these words appear.
‘My name is Ozymandias, king of kings
Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!’
Nothing beside remains Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away ”

PERCY BYSSHE S ELLEY

1792-1822

The Mad Maid's Song

GOOD-MORROW to the day so fair,
Good-morning, sir, to you;
Good-morrow to mine own torn hair
Bedabbled with the dew

Good-mornin to this primrose too,
Good-morrow to each maid
That will with flowers the tomb bestrew
Wherein my love is laid

Ah! woe is me, woe, woe is me!
Alack and well-a-day!
For pity, sir, find out that bee
Which bore my love away

I'll seek him in your bonnet brave,
I'll seek him in your eyes,
Nay, now I think they've made his grave
I' th' bed of strawberries.

R HERRICK J FREEMAN

I'll seek him there, I know ere this
The cold, cold earth doth shake him;
ut I will go, or send a kiss
By you, sir, to awake hi

Pray hurt him not, though he be dead,
He knows well who do love him,
And who with green turfs rear his head,
And who do rudely move him

He's soft and tender (pray take heed),
With bands of cowslips bind him,
And bring him home—but 'tis decreed
That I shall never find him!

ROBERT E IC

1591-1674

It Was The Lovely Moo

IT was the lovely moon—she lifted
Slowly her white brow amon
ronze cloud-waves that ebbd and drifted
Faintly, faintlier afar
Calm she looked, yet pale with wonder,
Sweet in unwonted thoughtfulness,
Watching the earth that dwindled under
Faintly, faintlier afar
It was the lovely moon that lovelike
Hovered over the wandering, tired
Earth, her bosom grey and dovelike.
Hoverin beautiful as a dove
The lovely moon —her soft light fallin
Lightly on roof and poplar and pine—
Tree to tree whispering and calling,
Wonderful in the silvery shine
Of the round, lovely, thou htful moon.

JOHN F E AN

W. J TURNER

Romance

WHEN I was but thirteen or so
I went into a olden land,
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi
Took me by the hand

My father died, y brother too,
They passed like fleetin' dreams.
I stood where Popocatpetl
In the sunlight gleams

I dimly heard the Master's voice
And boys far-off at play,
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi
Had stolen me away

I walked in a great golden dream
To and fro from school—
Shining Popocatpetl
The dusty streets did rule

I walked home with a gold dark boy
And never a word I'd say,
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi
Had taken my speech away.

I azed entranced upon his face
Fairer than any flower—
O shining Popocatpetl
It was thy magic hour

The houses, people, traffic seemed
Thin fading dreams by day,
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi
They had stolen y soul away!

W. J. TU E

The Reclined Imagery

AN ALLEGORY

ON the wide level of a mountain's head
(I knew not where, but 'twas some faery
place),

Their pinions, ostrich-like, for sails outspread,
Two lovely children run an endless race,

A sister and a brother!

This far outstripp'd the other;

Yet ever runs she with reverted face,

And looks and listens for the boy behind:

For he, alas! is blind!

O'er rough and smooth with even step he pass'd,
And knows not whether he be first or last

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

1772-1834

The Fairies

UP the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting
For fear of little men,
Wee folk, good folk,
Trooping all together;
Green jacket, red cap,
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore
Some make their home,
They live on crispy pancakes
Of yellow tide-foam,

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

ome in the reeds
Of the black mountain lake,
With frogs for their watch-dogs,
All night awake
High on the hill-top
The old King sits,
He is now so old and gray
He's nigh lost his wits
With a bridge of white mist
Columbkil he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses;
Or goin up with music
On cold starry nights
To sup with the Queen
Of the ay Northern Lights.
They stole little Bridget
For seven years long,
When she came down again
Her friends were all gone
They took her lightly back,
Between the night and morrow,
They thought that she was fast asleep,
But she was dead with sorrow.
They have kept her ever since
Deep within the lake,
On a bed of flag-leaves,
Watching till she wake.
By the craggy hill-side,
Through the mosses bare,
They have planted thorn-trees
For pleasure here and there.
If any man so daring
As dig them up in spite,
He shall find their sharpest thorns
In his bed at night.

W. ALLINGHAM ❀ J C SQUIR

Up the airy ountain,
Down the rushy glen,
We daren't o a-huntin
For fear of little men,
Wee folk, good folk,
Troopin' all to ether;
Green jacket, red cap,
A d white owl's feather!

WILLIAM ALLING AM
1824-1889

Son et

THERE was an Indian, who had known no
change,

Who strayed content alon' a sunlit beach
Gatherin' shells He heard a sudden strange
Co mingled noise, looked up, and asped for
speech

For in the bay, where nothin' was before,
Moved on the sea, by magic, huge canoes,
With bellyin' cloths on poles, and not one oar,
And flutterin' coloured signs and cla' berin
crews

And he, in fear, this naked man alone,
His fallen hands forgetting all their shells,
His lips one pale, knelt low behind a stone,
And stared, and saw, and did not understand,
Columbus's doom-burdened caravels
Sl' t to the shore and all their se'en land

J. C SQUIR

JOHN DAVIDSON

A Cinque Port

BELOW the down the stranded town
What may betide forlornly waits,
With memories of smoky skies,
When Gallic navies crossed the straits,
When waves with fire and blood grew bright,
And cannon thundered through the night

With swinging stride the rhythmic tide
Bore to the harbour barque and sloop,
Across the bar the ship of war,
In castled stern and lanterned poop
Came up with conquests on her lee,
The stately mistress of the sea

Where argosies have wooed the breeze,
The simple sheep are feeding now,
And near and far across the bar
The ploughman whistles at the plough,
Where once the long waves washed the shore,
Larks fro their lowly lodges soar.

Below the down the stranded town
Hears far away the rollers beat,
About the wall the seabirds call,
The salt wind murmurs through the street;
Forlorn the sea's forsaken bride
Awaits the end that shall betide

JOHN DAVIDSON
1857-1909

MATTHEW ARNOLD

The Forsake Merma

COME, dear children, let us away;
Down and away below
Now y brothers call from the bay,
Now the great winds shoreward blow;
Now the salt tides seaward flow,
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away
This way, this way!

Call her once before you o.
Call once yet
In a voice that she will know -
"Margaret! Margaret!"
Children's voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother's ear;
Children's voices, wild with pain
Surely she will come again
Call her once and come away.
This way, this way!
"Mother dear, we cannot stay"
The wild white horses foam and fret.
Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down.
Call no ore
One last look at the white-wall'd town,
And the little grey church on the indy shore
Then come down
She will not come though you call all day.
Come away, come away
Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay?

MATTHEW ARNOLD

In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell?
 and-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep,
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
Where the salt weed sways in the stream,
Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground,
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail, and bask in the brine,
Where great whales come sailin' by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world for ever and aye?
When did music come this way?
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday
 (Call yet once) that she went away?
 Once she sate with you and me,
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
 And the youngest sate on her knee
She comb'd its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of the far-off bell.
 He sigh'd, she look'd up through the clear green
 sea
She said, "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little grey church on the shore to-day.
"Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me!
And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with
 thee"
I said, "Go up, dear heart, through the waves
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-
 caves"
 He smiled, she went up through the surf in the
 bay
Children dear, was it yesterday?

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Children dear, were we long alone?
"The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.
Long prayers," I said, "in the world they say.
Come," I said, and we rose through the surf in the
bay.
We went up the beach, by the sandy down
Where the a-stocks bloom, to the white-wall'd
town
Through the narrow paved streets, where all was
still,
To the little grey church on the windy hill
From the church came a murmur of folk at their
prayers,
 ut we stood without in the cold-blowin' airs
We climb'd on the graves, on the stones worn with
rains,
And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded
panes
She sate by the pillar, we saw her clear
"Margaret, hush! come quick, we are here.
Dear heart," I said, "we are long alone
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."
ut, ah! she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were seal'd to the holy book
Loud prays the priest, shut stands the door.
Come away, children, call no more.
Come away, come down, call no more.

Down, down, down,
Down to the depths of the sea
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully
Hark what she sings "O joy, O joy,
For the humming street, and the child with its toy.
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well.
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun."

MATTHEW ARNOLD

And so she sings her fill,
Singing oost joyfully,
Till the shuttle falls from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still
She steals to the window, and looks at the sand;
And over the sand at the sea,
And her eyes are set in a stare;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden,
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children
Come children, come down
The hoarse wind blows colder,
Lights shine in the town
He will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door,
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl
Singing, "Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she:
And alone dwell for ever
The kings of the sea"

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight;
When spring-tides are low
When sweet airs come seaward

From heaths starr'd with brood ;
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanch'd sands a gloom:
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie,
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry
We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
At the white, sleeping town,
At the church on the hill-side—
And then come back down
Singing, "There dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she
She left lonely for ever
The kings of the sea "

MATTHEW ARNOLD

1822-1888

The Golden Journey to Starry Land

PROLOGUE

WE who with songs beguile your pilgrimage
And swear that Beauty lives though hills die,
We Poets of the proud old lineage
Who sing to find your hearts, we know not
why,—

What shall we tell you? Tales, marvellous tales
Of ships and stars and isles where good men rest,
Where never bore the rose of sunset pales,
And winds and shadows fall towards the West:

And there the world's first huge white-bearded
kings

In dim lades sleeping, murmur in their sleep,
And closer round their breasts the ivy clings,
Cutting its pathway slow and red and deep.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

II

And how beguile you? Death has no repose
Warmer and deeper than that Orient sand
Which hides the beauty and bright faith of those
Who made the Golden Journey to a arkand

And now they wait and whiten peaceably,
Those conquerors, those poets, those so fair:
They know time comes, not only you and I,
But the whole world shall whiten, here or there;

When those long caravans that cross the plain
With dauntless feet and sound of silver bells
Put forth no more for lory or for ain,
Take no more solace from the pal - irt wells

When the great markets by the sea shut fast
All that calm Sunday that oes on and on
When even lovers find their peace at last,
And Earth is but a star, that once had shone

EPILOGUE

At the Gate of the Sun, Bagdad, in olden ti e

THE MERCHANTS (*together*)

Away, for we are ready to a man!
Our camels sniff the evening and are lad.
Lead on, O Master of the Caravan
Lead on the Merchant-Princes of agdad.

THE CHIEF DRAPER

Have we not Indian carpets dark as wine,
Turbans and sashes, gowns and bows and veils,
And broideries of intricate design,
And printed hangings in enormous bales?

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

T E CHIEF GROCER

We have rose-candy, we have spikenard,
Mastic and terebinth and oil and spice,
And such sweet jams meticulously jarred
As God's own Prophet eats in Paradise

T E PRINCIPAL JEWS

And we have manuscripts in peacock styles
By Ali of Damascus, we have swords
Engraved with storks and apes and crocodiles,
And heavy beaten necklaces, for Lords.

T E MASTER OF THE CARAVAN

But you are nothing but a lot of Jews.

THE PRINCIPAL JEWS

Sir, even dogs have daylight, and we pay

T E MASTER OF THE CARAVAN

But who are ye in lags and rotten shoes,
You dirty-bearded, blocking up the way?

THE PILGRIMS

We are the Pilgrims, master, we shall go
Always a little further it may be
Beyond that last blue mountain barred with snow,
Across that angry or that glimmering sea,
White on a throne or guarded in a cave
There lives a prophet who can understand
Why men were born but surely we are brave,
Who make the Golden Journey to Samarkand

THE CHIEF MERCHANT

We gnaw the nail of hurry Mter, away!

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

ONE OF THE WOMEN

O turn your eyes to where your children stand.
Is not Bagdad the beautiful? O stay!

THE MERCHANTS (*in chor*)

We take the Golden Road to Samarkand.

AN OLD MAN

Have you not girls and garlands in your homes,
Eunuchs and Syrian boys at your command?
Seek not excess God hateth him who roams!

THE MERCHANTS (*in chorus*)

We make the Golden Journey to Samarkand

A PILGRIM WITH A BEAUTIFUL VOICE

Sweet to ride forth at evening from the wells
When shadows pass gigantic on the sand,
And softly through the silence beat the bells
Along the Golden Road to Samarkand

A MERCHANT

We travel not for trafficking alone
By hotter winds our fiery hearts are fanned
For lust of knowing what should not be known
We make the Golden Journey to Samarkand

THE MASTER OF THE CARAVAN

Open the gate, O watchman of the night!

THE WATCHMAN

Ho, travellers, I open For what land
Leave you the dim-moon city of delight?

THE MERCHANTS (*with a shout*)

We make the Golden Journey to Samarkand.

[The Caravan passes through the gate]

J E FLECKER * J KEATS

THE WATC MAN (*consoling the women*)

What would ye, ladies? It was ever thus
Men are unwise and curiously planned

A WOMAN

They have their dreams, and do not think of us.

VOICES OF THE CARAVAN (*in the distance, singing*)

We make the Golden Journey to Samarkand

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

1884-1915

La Belle D e sans Merci

"O WHAT can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sin

"O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done

"I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever dew,
And on thy cheek a fading rose
Fast withereth too "

"I met a lady in the eads,
Full beautiful—a faery's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild

"I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She look'd at e she did love,
And ade sweet moan

JOHN KEATS

"I set her on my pacing steed
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sideways would she lean, and sing
A faery's song

"She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said,
'I love thee true!'

"She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept and sigh'd full sore;
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
With kisses four

"And there she lull'd me asleep,
And there I dream'd—Ah! woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill's side

"I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all,
Who cried—'La belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall!'

"I saw their starved lips in the gloam
With horrid warning gap'd wide,
And I awoke and found me here
On the cold hill's side

"And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing "

JOHN KEATS
1795-1821

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

The Lotos-Eaters

“**C**OURAGE!” he said, and pointed toward
the land,
“This mountain wave will roll us shoreward
soon ”

In the afternoon they came unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
reathing like one that hath a weary dream
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon,
And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem

A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go,
And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land far off, three mountain-tops,
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
stood sunset-flush'd and, dew'd with showery
drops,
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven
copse

The charmed sunset linger'd low adown
In the red West thro' mountain clefts the dale
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale
And meadow, set with slender galingale,
A land where all things always seem'd the same!
And round about the keel with faces pale,
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

ranches they bore of that enchanted stem,
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they have
To each, but whoso did receive of them,
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far far away did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores, and if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave,
And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake,
And music in his ears his beating heart did awake

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore,
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
Of child, and wife, and slave, but evermore
Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam
Then some one said, "We will return no more,"
And all at once they sang, "Our island home
Is far beyond the wave, we will no longer roam."

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

1809-1892

Song of the Lotos-Eaters

THERE is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentler on the spirit lies,
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes,
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the
blissful skies
Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in
sleep

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Why are we wear'd upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?
All things have rest why should we toil alone,
We only toil who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown.
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease from wanderings,
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm;
Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,
"There is no joy but calm!"—
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of
things?

Lo! in the middle of the wood,
The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed, and turning yellow
Falls, and floats adown the air
Lo! sweeten'd with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night
All its allotted length of days,
The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
Firm-rooted in the fruitful soil

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea
Death is the end of life, ah, why
Should life all labour be?
Let us alone Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone What is it that will last?
All things are taken from us, and become

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past
Let us alone What pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
All things have rest, and ripen toward the rave
In silence, ripen, fall and cease
Give us long rest or death, dark death, or dream-
ful ease

How sweet it were, hearing the downward strea
With half-shut eyes ever to seem
Falling asleep in a half-dream!
To dream and dream, like yonder a ber light,
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height;
To hear each other's whisper'd speech,
Eating the Lotos day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray,
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy;
To muse and brood and live again in memory,
With those old faces of our infancy
Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of
brass!

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
And dear the last embraces of our wives
And their warm tears but all hath suffer'd change;
For surely now our household hearths are cold
Our sons inherit us our looks are strange
And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy
Or else the island princes over-bold
Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
efore them of the ten-years' war in Troy,
And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.
Is there confusion in the little isle?

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Let what is broken so remain.
The Gods are hard to reconcile:
'Tis hard to settle order once again
There is confusion worse than death,
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
Long labour unto aged breath,
Sore task to hearts worn out with many wars
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

ut, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)
With half-dropt eyelids still,
Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
His waters from the purple hill—
To hear the dewy echoes calling
From cave to cave thro' the thick-twin'd vine—
To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling
Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine!
Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the
pine

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak
The Lotos blows by every winding creek
All day the wind breathes low with mellow tone
Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone
Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos-
dust is blown

We have had enough of action, and of motion we,
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the
surge was seething free,
Where the wallowing monster spouted his fo
fountains in the sea
Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal
mind,
In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined
On the hills like Gods to ether, careless of mankind.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are
hurl'd
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are
lightly curl'd
Round their golden houses, girdled with the lea -
in world
Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted
lands,
li ht and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring
deeps and fiery sands,
Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking
ships, and praying hands
ut they smile, they find a music centred in a
doleful song
tea in up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of
wrong,
Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are
strong,
Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave
the soil,
ow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring
toil,
toring yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and
oil,
Till they perish and they suffer—some, 'tis
whisper'd—down in hell
uffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys
dwell,
Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.
urely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil,
the shore
Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and
wave and oar,
O rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander
ore.

ALF D, LORD TENNYSON

1809-1892

JOHN DRINKWATER

Mamble

I NEVER went to Mamble
That lies above the Teme,
So I wonder who's in Mamble,
And whether people seem
Who breed and brew along there
As lazy as the name,
And whether any song there
Sets alehouse wits aflame

The finger-post says Mamble,
And that is all I know
Of the narrow road to Mamble,
And should I turn and go
To that place of lazy token,
That lies above the Teme,
There might be a Mamble broken
That was lissom in a dream

So leave the road to Mamble
And take another road
To as good a place as Mamble
Be it lazy as a toad,
Who travels Worcester county
Takes any place that comes
When April tosses bounty
To the cherries and the plums

JOHN DRINKWATER

ROBERT BRIDGES

A Passer-by

WHITHER, O splendid ship, thy white sails
 crowding,
Leaning across the bosom of the urgent West,
That fearest nor sea rising, nor sky clouding,
 Whither away, fair rover, and what thy quest?
Ah! soon, when Winter has all our vales opprest,
When skies are cold and misty, and hail is hurling,
 Wilt thou glide on the blue Pacific, or rest
In a summer haven asleep, thy white sails furling

I there before thee, in the country that well thou
 knowest,
 Already arrived am inhaling the odorous air.
I watch thee enter unerringly where thou goest,
 And anchor queen of the strange shipping there,
 Thy sails for awnings spread, thy masts bare
Nor is aught from the foaming reef to the snow-
 capp'd grandest
 Peak, that is over the feathery palms, more fair
Than thou, so upright, so stately and still thou
 standest

And yet, O splendid ship, unhail'd and nameless,
 I know not if, aiming a fancy, I rightly divine
That thou hast a purpose joyful, a courage blame-
 less,
 Thy port assured in a happier land than mine.
 But for all I have given thee, beauty enough is
 thine,
As thou, aslant with trim tackle and shrouding,
 From the proud nostril curve of a prow's line
In the offin scatterest foam, thy white sails
 crowdin .

ROBERT BRIDGES

PERCY YSSHE SHELLEY

The Cloud

I RING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams,
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noon-day dreams
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rock'd to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder
I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast,
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
Lightnin my pilot sits,
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits,
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the gentl that ove
In the depths of the purple sea,
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and plains,
Wherever he dre , under mountain or strea ,
The Spirit he loves remains,
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains
The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the mornin -star shines dead.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

As on the ja of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit,
In the light of its golden wings
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea
beneath,

Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove

That orbèd aiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the dnight breezes strewn,
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer,
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these

bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl,
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and
swim,

When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbea -proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be
The triumphal arch, through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,

P . SHELLEY * R. L STEVEN ON

When the powers of the air are chain'd to y
chair,

Is the million-coloured bow;

The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,

While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,

And the nursling of the sky,

I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;

I change, but I cannot die

For after the rain, when with never a stain,

The pavilion of heaven is bare,

And the winds and sunbeams with their convex
gleams,

Build up the blue dome of air,

I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,

And out of the caverns of rain,

Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the
tomb,

I arise and unbuild it again

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

1792-1822

Romance

I WILL make you brooches and toys for your
delight

Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night.

I will make a palace fit for you and me,

Of green days in forests and blue days at sea

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your
room,

Where white flows the river and bright blows the
broom,

And you shall wash your linen and keep your body
white

In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night

R L. STEVENSON * TENNYSON

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!
That only I remember, that only you admire,
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside
fire.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

1850-1894

Mariana

WITH blackest moss the flower-plots
Were thickly crusted, one and all
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the pear to the gable-wall
The broken sheds look'd sad and strange
Unlifted was the clinking latch,
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said,
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

Her tears fell with the dews at even,
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried,
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide
After the fitting of the bats,
When thickest dark did trance the sky,
She drew her casement-curtain by,
And glanced athwart the glooming flats
She only said, "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said,
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Upon the middle of the night,
Waking she heard the night-fowl crow:
The cock sung out an hour ere light
From the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her without hope of change,
In sleep she seem'd to walk forlorn,
Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed morn
About the lonely moated grange
She only said, "The day is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

About a stone-cast from the wall
A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The cluster'd marish-mosses crept.
Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silver-green with gnarl'd bark.
For leagues no other tree did mark
The level waste, the rounding gray
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said,
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

And ever when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds were up and away,
In the white curtain, to and fro,
She saw the gusty shadow sway
ut when the moon was very low,
And wild winds bound within their cell,
The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow
She only said, "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said,
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!" -

TENNYSON * E THOMAS

All day within the dreamy house,
The doors upon their hinges creak'd,
The blue fly sung in the pane, the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd,
Or from the crevice peer'd about
Old faces glimmer'd thro' the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices call'd her from without
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said,
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
The slow clock ticking, and the sound
Which to the wooing wind aloof
The poplar made, did all confound
Her sense, but most she loathed the hour
When the thick-moted sunbeam lay
Athwart the chambers, and the day
Was sloping toward his western bower.
Then, said she, "I am very dreary,
He will not come," she said,
She wept, "I am aweary, aweary,
O God, that I were dead!"

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON
1809-1892

Lights Out

I HAVE come to the borders of sleep,
The unfathomable deep
Forest where all must lose
Their way, however straight,
Or winding, soon or late;
They cannot choose

E. THOMAS ANON

Many a road d track
That, since the dawn's first crack,
Up to the forest brink,
Deceived the travellers
Suddenly now blurs,
And in they sink

Here love ends,
Despair, ambition ends,
All pleasure and all trouble,
Although ost sweet or bitter,
Here ends in sleep that is sweeter
Than tasks most noble.

There is not any book
Or face of dearest look
That I would not turn from now
To go into the unknown
I must enter and leave alone
I know not how

The tall forest towers;
Its cloudy foliage lowers
Ahead, shelf above shelf;
Its silence I hear and obey
That I may lose my way
And yself

EDWARD THO AS
1877-1917

Two Rivers

SAYS Tweed to Till—
“What gars ye rin sae still?”
Says Till to Tweed—
“Though ye rin with speed
And I rin slaw,
For ae man that ye droon
I droon twa ”

ANON, 17TH CENTURY

PART II

The Buzzards

WHEN evening came and the warm glow
grew deeper,
And every tree that bordered the green
meadows

And in the yellow cornfields every reaper
And every corn-shock stood above their shadows
Flung eastward from their feet in longer measure,
Serenely far there swam in the sunny height
A buzzard and his mate who took their pleasure
Swirling and poising idly in golden light

On reat pied motionless moth-wings borne along,
So effortless and so strong,
Cutting each other's paths together they glided,
Then wheeled asunder till they soared divided
Two valleys' width (as though it were delight
To part like this, being sure they could unite,
So swiftly in their empty, free dominion),
Curved headlong downward, towered up the sunny
steep,

Then, with a sudden lift of the one great pinion,
Swung proudly to a curve, and from its height
Took half a mile of sunlight in one long sweep

And we, so small on the swift immense hillside,
Stood tranced, until our souls arose uplifted

On those far-sweeping, wide,
Strong curves of flight—swayed up and hugely
drifted,
Were washed, made strong and beautiful in the
tide

M ARMSTRONG ❀ A COWLEY

Of sun-bathed air But far beneath, beholden
Through shinin' deeps of air, the fields were
olden

And rosy burned the heather where cornfields
ended

And still those buzzards whirled, while light with-
drew

Out of the vales and to surging slopes ascended,
Till the loftiest flamin' summit died to blue

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

Drinking

THE thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks and gapes for drink again;
The plants suck in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair,
The sea itself, which one would think
Should have but little need of drink,
Drinks ten thousand rivers up,
So fill'd that they o'erflow the cup
The busy Sun (and one would guess
y' 's drunken fiery face no less)
Drinks up the sea, and when h'as done,
The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun.
They drink and dance by their own li'ht,
They drink and revel all the night:
Nothin' in Nature's sober fount,
But eternal health goes round
Fill up the bowl, then, fill it high,
Fill all the glasses there—for why
Should every creature drink but I,
Why, man of morals, tell me why?

ABRAHAM COWLEY

1618-1667

WILLIAM COWPER

Epitaph on a Hare

HERE lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue,
Nor swifter greyhound follow,
Whose foot ne'er tainted morning dew,
Nor ear heard huntsman's halloo,

Old Tiny, surliest of his kind,
Who, nursed with tender care,
And to domestic bounds confined,
Was still a wild Jack hare

Though duly from my hand he took
His pittance every night,
He did it with a jealous look,
And, when he could, would bite.

His diet was of wheaten bread,
And milk, and oats, and straw,
Thistles, or lettuces instead,
With sand to scour his maw

On twigs of hawthorn he regaled,
On pippins' russet peel,
And when his juicy salads failed,
Sliced carrot pleased him well

A Turkey carpet was his lawn,
Whereon he loved to bound,
To skip and gambol like a fawn,
And swing his rump around

His frisking was at evening hours,
For then he lost his fear,
But lost before approaching showers,
Or when a storm drew near

W. COWPER ❀ W WORDSWORTH

Eight years and five round-rolling moons
He thus saw steal away,
Dozing out all his idle noons,
And every night at play.

I kept him for his humour's sake,
For he would oft beguile
My heart of thoughts that made it ache,
And force me to a smile

ut now, beneath this walnut shade,
He finds his long, last home,
And waits, in snug concealment laid,
Till gentler Puss shall come.

He, still more aged, feels the shocks,
From which no care can save,
And partner once of Tiny's box,
Must soon partake his grave

WILLIAM COWPER

1731-1800

Daffodils

I WANDER'D lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay.
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance

W WORDSWORTH ❀ R. BROOKE

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

1770-1850

The Fish

I N a cool curving world he lies
And ripples with dark ecstasies.
The kind luxurious lapse and steal
Shapes all his universe to feel
And know and be, the clinging stream
Closes his memory, glooms his dream,
Who lips the roots o' the shore, and glides
Superb on unreturning tides
Those silent waters weave for him
A fluctuant mutable world and dim,
Where wavering masses bulge and gape
Mysterious, and shape to shape
Dies momentarily through whorl and hollow,
And form and line and solid follow
Solid and line and form to dream
Fantastic down the eternal stream;
An obscure world, a shifting world,
ulbous, or pulled to thin, or curled,

RUPERT ROOKE

Or serpentine, or driving airrows,
Or serene slidings, or March narrows
There slippin' wave and shore are one,
And weed and mud No ray of sun,
But glow to glow fades down the deep
(As dream to unknown dream in sleep);
Shaken translucency illumines
The hyaline of drifting glooms,
The strange soft-handed depth subdues
Drowned colour there, but black to hues,
As death to living, decomposes—
Red darkness of the heart of roses,
 lue brilliant from dead starless skies,
And gold that lies behind the eyes,
The unknown unnameable sightless white
That is the essential flame of night,
Lustreless purple, hooded green,
The myriad hues that lie between
Darkness and darkness!

 And all's one,
Gentle, embracing, quiet, dun,
The world he rests in, world he knows,
Perpetual curving Only—grows
An eddy in that ordered falling,
A knowledge from the gloom, a calling
Weed in the wave, gleam in the mud—
The dark fire leaps along his blood,
Dateless and deathless, blind and still,
The intricate impulse works its will,
His woven world drops back; and he,
Sans providence, sans memory,
Unconscious and directly driven,
Fades to some dank sufficient heaven

O world of lips, O world of laughter,
Where hope is fleet and thought flies after,

R ROOKE * R BURNS

Of lights in the clear night, of cries
That drift along the wave and rise
Thin to the glittering stars above,
You know the hands, the eyes of love!
The strife of limbs, the sightless clinging,
The infinite distance, and the singing
Blown by the wind, a flame of sound,
The gleam, the flowers, and vast around
The horizon, and the heights above—
You know the sigh, the song of love!

ut there the night is close, and there
Darkness is cold and strange and bare,
And the secret deeps are whisperless,
And rhythm is all deliciousness,
And joy is in the throbbing tide,
Whose intricate fingers beat and glide
In felt bewildering harmonies
Of trembling touch, and music is
The exquisite knocking of the blood.
Space is no more, under the mud,
His bliss is older than the sun
Silent and straight the waters run
The lights, the cries, the willows dim,
And the dark tide are one with him

RUPERT BROOKE

1887-1915

To a Mouse

WEE, sleekit, cowerin', tim'rous beastie,
Oh, what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou needna start awa' sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin and chase thee,
Wi' murd'ring pattle!

ROBERT BURNS

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
And justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
And fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve,
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen-icker in a thrave
'S a sma' request.
I'll et a blessin' wi' the lave,
And never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin'!
And naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!
And bleak December's winds ensuin'
Baith snell and keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
And weary winter comin' fast,
And cosie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till, crash! the cruel coulter past
Out through thy cell

That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out for a' thy trouble,
But house or hauld,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
And cranreuch could!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain:

RURNS * W WORDSWORTH

The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley,
And lea'e us nought but grief and pain
For promised joy

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee
ut, och! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear!
And forward, though I canna see,
I guess and fear!

Brattle = scurry, *pattle* = plough-staff, *datmen-icker* = an occasional ear of corn, *thrave* = a number of shocks, *big* = build, *snell* = bitter, *thole* = to suffer, *cranreuch* = hoar-frost

ROBERT BURNS

1759-1796

The Solitary Reaper

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself,
Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain,
O listen! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
A on the farthest Hebrides.

W WORDSWORTH * J KEAT

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending ;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending,—
I listen'd, motionless and still,
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

1770-1850

To Autumn

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eave
run,
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core,
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazelshells
With a sweet kernel, to set budding ore,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy
cells

J. KEATS * J MASEFIELD

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind,
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy
hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined
flowers,
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook,
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozy hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue,
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing, and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
And athering swallows twitter in the skies

JOHN KEATS

1795-1821

Twilight

TWILIGHT it is, and the far woods are dim,
and the rooks cry and call
Down in the valley the lamps, and the mist, and a
star over all,
There by the rick, where they thresh, is the drone
at an end,
Twilight it is, and I travel the road with my friend.

J MASEFIELD * P. B SHELLEY

I think of the friends who are dead, who were dear
 long ago in the past,
Beautiful friends who are dead, though I know
 that death cannot last,
Friends with the beautiful eyes that the dust h
 defiled,
eautiful souls who were gentle when I was a child.

JOHN MASEFIELD

Night

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,
 Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,—
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
 Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle grey,
 Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day;
Kiss her until she be wearied out
Then wander o'er city and sea and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
 Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
 I sigh'd for thee,
When light rode high, and the dew was one,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turn'd to her rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
 I sigh'd for thee

P. B. SHELLEY ❀ H TRENCH

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
 "Wouldst thou me?"
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmur'd like a noontide bee,
"Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me?"—And I replied,
 "No, not thee!"

Death will come when thou art dead,
 Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thou art fled
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, belovèd Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
 Come soon, soon!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

1792-1822

O Dreamy, Gloomy, Friendly Trees!

O DREAMY, gloomy, friendly Trees,
I came along your narrow track
To bring my gifts unto your knees
And gifts did you give back,
For when I brought this heart that burns—
These thoughts that bitterly repine—
And laid them here among the ferns
And the hum of boughs divine,
Ye, vastest breathers of the air,
Shook down with slow and mighty poise
Your coolness on the human care,
Your wonder on its toys,
Your greenness on the heart's despair,
Your darkness on its noise

ERBERT TRENC

JOHN KEATS

Ode on a Grecian Urn

THOU still unravish'd bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express

A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme.
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,

In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?

What men or gods are these? What maidens
loth?

What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?

What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard

Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on,

Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,

Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone

Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave

Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare,

Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,

Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;

She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy
bliss,

For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed

Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;

And, happy melodist, unwearied;

For ever piping songs for ever new;

More happy love! more happy, happy love!

For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,

For ever panting and for ever young,

All breathing human passion far above,

That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,

A burnin' forehead, and a parching tongue.

J KEATS P. HELLEY

Who are these comin to the sacrifice?
 To what reen altar, O mysterious priest,
 Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
 And all her silken flanks with arlands drest?
 What little town by river or sea-shore,
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
 Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?
 And, little town, thy streets for ever ore
 Will silent be, and not a soul, to tell
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! fair attitude! with brede
 Of marble men and maidens overwrou ht,
 With forest branches and the trodden weed,
 Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought
 As doth eternity Cold Pastoral!
 When old age shall this generation waste,
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
 "eauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

JO N ATS

1795-1821

To Skylark

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!
 Bird thou never wert—
 That from heaven or near it
 Pourest thy full heart
 n profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
 From the earth thou springest,
 Like a cloud of fire,
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

In the golden light'nin
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight,
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight—

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is
overflow'd

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.—

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her
bower

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from
the view

Like a rose embower'd
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflower'd,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-
winged thieves

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awaken'd flowers—
All that ever was
Joyous and clear d fresh—thy music doth surp s

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Match'd with thine would be all
ut an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

What objects are the fountai
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mount ns?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of
pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee
Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must dee
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught,
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest
thought

Yet, if we could scorn
Hate d pride and fear,
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear, •
I know not how thy joy we ever should come ne

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Teach the half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening
now

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
1792-1822

Ode to the West Wind

I

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's
being,
Thou from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes! O thou
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill,

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere,
Destroyer and preserver, hear, O hear!

II

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's com-
motion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and
ocean,

PERCY BYSSHE Shelley

Angels of rain and lightning! there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
Of some fierce Medusa, even from the deep
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge
Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congested material
Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst. O hear!

III

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams,
Beside a pumice isle in Sicily's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,
All overgrown with azure moss, and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers
Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know
Thy voice, and suddenly grow grey with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves. O hear!

IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! if even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seem'd a vision—I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
O! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chain'd and bow'd
One too like thee—tameless, and swift, and proud.

V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own?
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe,
Like wither'd leaves, to quicken a new birth;
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawaken'd earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

1792-1822

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Philomela

HARK! ah, the Nightingale!
The tawny-throated!
Hark! from that moonlit cedar what a burst!
What triumph! hark—what pain!
O Wanderer from a Grecian shore,
Still, after many years, in distant lands,
Still nourishing in thy bewilder'd brain
That wild, unquench'd, deep-sunken, old-world
pain—
Say, will it never heal?
And can this fragrant lawn
With its cool trees, and night,
And the sweet, tranquil Thames,
And moonshine, and the dew,
To thy rack'd heart and brain
Afford no balm?
Dost thou to-night behold
Here, through the moonlight on this English grass,
The unfriendly palace in the Thracian wild?
Dost thou again peruse
With hot cheeks and sear'd eyes
The too clear web, and thy dumb Sister's sh e?
Dost thou once more assay
Thy flight, and feel come over thee,
Poor Fugitive, the feathery change
Once more, and once more seem to make resound
With love and hate, triumph and agony,
Lone Daulis, and the high Cephissian vale?
Listen, Eugenia—
How thick the bursts come crowding throu h the
leaves!
Again—thou hearest!
Eternal Passion!
Eternal Pain!

MATTHEW ARNOLD
1822-1888

JOHN KEATS

Ode to Nightingale

MY heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk.
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
ut being too happy in thy happiness,
That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Sin est of summer in full-throated ease

O for a draught of vintage! that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South!
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth,
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other's roan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and
dies,
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs,
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

JOHN KEAT

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his p ds,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes d ret ds:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous loo s d winding o y
ways

I c not see what flowers are at y feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the bou hs,
ut, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine,
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves,
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer ev .

Darkling I listen, and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy! •
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down,
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown

J KEATS * R L. STEVENSON

Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for
home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn, -
The same that oftentimes hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side, and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music —do I wake or sleep?

JOHN KEATS

1795-1821

The House Beautiful

*A NAKED house, a naked moor,
A shivering pool before the door,
A garden bare of flowers and fruit
And poplars at the garden foot
Such is the place that I live in,
Bleak without and bare within*

Yet shall your ragged moor receive
The incomparable pomp of eve,
And the cold glories of the dawn
Behind your shivering trees be drawn,
And when the wind from place to place
Doth the unmoored cloud-galleons chase,

R. L. STEVENSON * G HERBERT

Your garden gloom and gleam again,
With leaping sun, with glancing rain
Here shall the wizard moon ascend
The heavens, in the crimson end
Of day's declining splendour, here
The army of the stars appear
The neighbour hollows dry or wet,
Spring shall with tender flowers beset;
And oft the morning muser see
Larks rising from the broomy lea,
And every fairy wheel and thread
Of cobweb dew-bediamonded
When daisies go, shall winter time
Silver the simple grass with rime,
Autumnal frosts enchant the pool
And make the cart-ruts beautiful,
And when snow-bright the moor expands,
How shall your children clap their hands!
To make this earth our hermitage,
A cheerful and a changeful page,
God's bright and intricate device
Of days and seasons doth suffice

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
1850-1894

Virtue

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright!
The bridal of the earth and sky—
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
Sheds the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die

G HER ERT * A. MARVELL

weet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never ives,
ut though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

GEORGE ERBERT

1593-1632

A Garden

Written after the Civil Wars

SEE how the flowers, as at parade,
Under their colours stand display'd
Each regiment in order grows,
That of the tulip, pink, and rose
But when the vigilant patrol
Of stars walks round about the pole,
Their leaves, that to the stalks are cuil'd,
eem to their staves the ensigns furl'd
Then in some flower's belovèd hut
Each bee, as sentinel, is shut,
And sleeps so too, but if once stirr'd,
She runs you through, nor asks the word
O thou, thât dear and happy Isle,
The arden of the world erewhile,
Thou Paradise of the four seas
Which Heaven planted us to please,
ut, to exclude the world, did guard
With wat'ry if not flaming sword,
What luckless apple did we taste
To make us ortal and thee waste!

A MARVELL ❀ L JOHNSON

Unhappy! shall we never more
That sweet militia restore,
When gardens only had their towers,
And all the garrisons were flowers,
When roses only arms might bear,
And then did rosy garlands wear?

AND W MARVELL

1621-1678

*By the Statue of King Charles
at Charing Cross*

SOMBRE and rich, the skies,
Great glooms, and starry plains.
Gently the night wind sighs,
Else a vast silence reigns

The splendid silence clings
Around me and around
The saddest of all kings
Crowned, and again discrowned

Comely and calm, he rides
Hard by his own Whitehall
Only the night wind glides
No crowds, nor rebels, brawl

Gone, too, his Court, and yet,
The stars his courtiers are
Stars in their stations set,
And every wandering star

Alone he rides, alone,
The fair and fatal kin
Dark night is all his own,
That strange and solemn thing

LIONEL JOHNSON

Which are more full of fate.
The stars, or those sad eyes?
Which are more still and great
Those brows, or the dark skies?
Although his whole heart yearn
In passionate tragedy
Never was face so stern
With sweet austerity
Vanquished in life, his death
By beauty made amends
The passing of his breath
Won his defeated ends
Brief life and hapless? Nay
Through death, life grew sublime.
Speak after sentence? Yea
And to the end of time
Armoured he rides, his head
Bare to the stars of doom
He triumphs now, the dead,
Beholding London's gloom
Our wearier spirit faints,
Vexed in the world's employ:
His soul was of the saints,
And art to him was joy
Kin, tried in fires of woe!
Men hunger for thy grace
And through the night I go,
Lovin' thy mournful face
Yet when the city sleeps,
When all the cries are still
The stars and heavenly deeps
Work out a perfect will

LIONEL JOHNSON

1867-1902

The Dromedary

IN dreams I see the Dromedary still,
 As once in a gay park I saw him stand:
 A thousand eyes in vulgar wonder scanned
 His humps and hairy neck, and gazed their fill
 At his lank shanks and mocked with laughter shrill
 He never moved and if his Eastern land
 Flashed on his eye with stretches of hot sand,
 It wrung no mute appeal from his proud will
 He blinked upon the rabble lazily,
 And still some trace of majesty forlorn
 And a coarse grace remained his head was high,
 Though his gaunt flanks with a great mange
 were worn
 There was not any yearning in his eye,
 But on his lips and nostril infinite scorn

A. Y. CAMPBELL

What the Bullet sang

O JOY of creation,
 To be!
 O rapture, to fly
 And be free!
 e the battle lost or won,
 Though its smoke shall hide the sun,
 I shall find my love—the one
 Born for me!

I shall know him where he stands
 All alone,
 With the power in his hands
 Not o'erthrown,

B HARTE ❀ W OLDYS

I shall know him by his face,
By his odlike front and race;
I shall hold him for a space
All my own!

It is he—O my love!
So bold!
It is I—all thy love
Foretold!
It is I—O love, what bliss!
Dost thou answer to my kiss?
O sweetheart! what is this
Lieth there so cold?

BRET HARTE

1839-1902

On a Fly drinking out of his Cup

BUSY, curious, thirsty fly!
Drink with me and drink as I.
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip and sip it up
Make the most of life you may,
Life is short and wears away

Both alike are mine and thine
Hastenin quick to their decline.
Thine's a summer, mine's no more,
Though repeated to threescore
Threescore summers, when they're one,
Will appear as short as one!

WILLIAM OLDYS

1696-1761

EDWARD SHANKS

The Swimmers

THE cove's a shining plate of blue and green,
With darker belts between
The trough and crest of the lazily rising swell,
And the great rocks throw purple shadows down
Where transient sun-sparks wink and burst and
drown,
And the distant gleaming floor of pebble and shell
Is bright or hidden as the shadow wavers,
And everywhere the restless sun-steeped air
Trembles and quavers,
As though it were
More saturated with light than it could bear

Now come the swimmers from slow-dripping
caves,
Where the shy fern creeps under the veined roof,
And wading out meet with glad breast the waves.
One holds aloof,
And climbs alone the reef with shrinking feet
That scarce endure the jagged stone's dull heat,
Till on the edge he poises
And flies towards the water, vanishing
In wreaths of white, with echoing liquid noises,
And swims beneath, a vague, distorted thin

Now all the other swimmers leave behind
The crystal shallow and the foam-wet shore
And sliding into deeper water find
A living coolness in the lifting flood.
Then through their bodies leaps the sparkling
blood,
So that they feel the faint earth's drought no more
There now they float, heads raised above the green,
White bodies cloudily seen,

Further and further from the brazen rock
 On which the hot air shakes, on which the tide
 Vainly throws with soundless shock
 The cool and laggin' wave Out, out they o,
 And now upon a mirrored cloud they ride
 Or turning over, with soft strokes and slow,
 Slide on like shadows in a tranquil sky
 Behind them, on the tall parched cliff, the dry
 And dusty grasses row
 In shallow ledges of the arid stone,
 Starving for coolness and the touch of rain.
 But, though to earth they must return again,
 Here come the soft sea-air to meet the , blown
 Over the surface of the outer deep,
 Scarce moving, staying, falling, straying, gone,
 Light and delightful as the touch of sleep .
 One wakes and splashes round,
 And magically all the others wake
 From their sea-dream, and now with rippling sound
 Their arms the silence break
 And now again the crystal shallows take
 The dripping bodies whose cool hour is done
 They pause upon the beach, they pause and sigh,
 Then vanish in the caverns one by one

Soon the wet footmarks on the stones are dry
 The cove sleeps on beneath the unwavering sun

EDWARD S SHANKS

Milk for the Cat

WHEN the tea is brought at five o'clock,
 And all the neat curtains are drawn with
 care,
 The little black cat with bright green eyes
 Is suddenly purring there

HAROLD MONRO

At first she pretends, having nothing to do,
he has come in merely to blink by the grate,
but, though tea may be late or the milk may be
sour,
he is never late

And presently her agate eyes
Take a soft lark-like milky haze,
And her independent casual glance
becomes a stiff, hard gaze

Then she stamps her claws or lifts her ears,
Or twists her tail and begins to stir,
Till suddenly all her lithe body becomes
One breathing, trembling purr

The children eat and wriggle and laugh,
The two old ladies stroke their silk
but the cat is grown small and thin with desire,
Transformed to a creeping lust for milk

The white saucer like some full moon descends
At last from the clouds of the table above,
he sighs and dreams and thrills and lows,
Transformed with love

She nestles over the shining rim,
urries her chin in the creamy sea,
Her tail hangs loose, each drowsy paw
Is doubled under each bending knee

A long dream-ecstasy holds her life;
Her world is an infinite shapely white,
Till her tongue has curled the little half drop,
Then she sinks back into the night,

Draws and dips her body to heap
Her sleepy nerves in the great arm-chair,
Lies defeated and buried deep
Three or four hours unconscious there

HAROLD MONRO

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

His Lady's Cruelty

WITH how sad steps, O moon, thou climb'st
the skies!

How silently, and with how wan a face!

What! may it be that even in heavenly place

That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?

Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes

Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case.

I read it in thy looks, thy languish'd grace

To me, that feel the like, thy state describes

Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,

Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit?

Are beauties there as proud as here they be?

Do they above love to be loved, and yet

Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?

Do they call "virtue" there—ungratefulness?

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

1554-1586

PART II

Zenocrate is near Death

NOW walk the angels on the walls of Heaven
As sentinels to warn the immortal souls
To entertain divine Zenocrate

Apollo, Cynthia, and the ceaseless lamps
That gently looked upon this loathsome earth
Shine downward now no more, but deck the
Heavens,
To entertain divine Zenocrate

The crystal springs, whose taste illuminates
Refined eyes with an eternal sight,
Like tried silver, run through Paradise,
To entertain divine Zenocrate

The cherubims and holy seraphims
That sing and play before the King of kings
Use all their voices and their instruments
To entertain divine Zenocrate

And in this sweet and curious harmony,
The God that tunes this music to our souls,
Holds out his hand in highest majesty
To entertain divine Zenocrate .

Then let some holy trance convey my thoughts
Up to the palace of th' empyreal Heaven,
That this my life may be as short to me
As are the days of sweet Zenocrate

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

1564-1593

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

Yasmin

A GHAZEL

HOW splendid in the morning glows the lily
with what grace he throws
His supplication to the rose do roses nod the
head, Yasmin?

But when the silver dove descends I find the little
flower of friends
Whose very name that sweetly ends I say, when I
have said Yasmin.

The morning light is clear and cold I dare not in
that light behold
A whiter light, a deeper gold, a glory too far shed,
Yasmin

But when the deep red eye of day is level with the
lone highway,
And some to Meccah turn to pray, and I towards
thy bed, Yasmin,

Or when the wind beneath the moon is drifting like
a soul aswoon,
And harping planets talk love's tune with milky
wings outspread, Yasmin,

Shower down thy love, O burning bright! For
one night or the other night
Will come the Gardener in white, and gathered
flowers are dead, Yasmin

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

1884-1915

ROBERT HERRICK

A Sweet Disorder

A SWEET disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction
An erring lace, which here and there
Enthrals the crimson stomacher
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbands to flow confusedly
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility.
Do more bewitch me than when art
Is too precise in every part

ROBERT E IC

1591-1674

The Night-piece To Julia

HER eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee

No Will-o'-the-wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee,
But on, on thy way
Not making a stay,
Since host there's none to affright thee

R. HERRICK * E A POE

Let not the dark thee cumber
What thou h the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light
Like tapers clear without number

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me,
And when I shall meet
Thy silv'ry feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee

ROBERT HERRICK

1591-1674

To Hele

HELEN, thy beauty is to e
Like those Nicéan barks of yore
That ently, o'er a perfu ed sea,
The weary way-worn wanderer bore
To his own native shore

On desperate seas lon wont to roam,
Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
To the lory that was Greece,
And the randeur that was Rome

Lo, in yo brilliant window-niche
Ho statue-like I see thee stand,
The a ate lap within thy hand,
Ah! Psyche, fro the re ions which
Are holy land!

EDGAR ALLAN PO

1809-1849

Su mer Night

NOW sleeps the crimson petal, now the
white,
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk,
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font
The firefly wakens waken thou with me.

Now droops the milk-white peacock like a ghost,
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me

Now lies the Earth all Danae to the stars,
And all thy heart lies open unto me

Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON
1809-1892

A Dirge

CALL for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men
Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him war
And (when gay tombs are robb'd) sustain no h
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to e
For with his nails he'll dig them up again

JOHN WEBSTER
?-1630?

WILLIAM HAKESPEARE

From *The Tempest*

FULL fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made,
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothin' of him that doth fade,
ut doth suffer a sea-change
Into so ethin' rich and strange
ea-nymphs hourly rin his knell
Ding-dong.
Hark! now I hear them—
Ding-dong, bell!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
1564-1616

From *The Merchant of Venice*

TELL me where is Fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
ow begot, how nourishèd?
Reply, reply
tis engender'd in the eyes,
With azing fed, and Fancy dies
n the cradle where it lies
Let us all ring Fancy's knell:
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell
All Din , don , bell

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
1564-1616

From *Twelfth Night*

OMI TRE S mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear! your true love's coming,
That can sin both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty sweetin';
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
 Present mirth hath present laughter;
 What's to come is still unsure
 In delay there lies no plenty,
 Then come kiss me, sweet-and-tender,
 Youth's a stuff that will not endure.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

1564-1616

From The Tempest

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I.
 In a cowslip's bell I lie,
 There I couch when owls do cry
 On the bat's back I do fly
 After summer merrily
 Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

1564-1616

Jolly Good Ale and Old

I CANNOT eat but little eat,
 My stomach is not good,
 But sure I think that I can drink
 With him that wears a hood
 Though I be bare, take ye no care,
 I nothing fear a cold,
 I stuff my skin so full within
 Of jolly good ale and old
 Back and side be bare, be bare;
 Both foot and hand go cold,
 But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
 Whether it be new or old.

WILLIAM STEVENSON

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire,
A little bread shall do me stead;
Much bread I not desire
No frost nor snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I would,
I so wrapp'd and thoroughly lapp'd
Of jolly good ale and old
ack and side go bare, go bare, etc

And Tib, my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek
Then doth she trowl to me the bowl
Even as a maltworm should,
And saith, "Sweetheart, I took my part
Of this jolly ood ale and old"
ack and side o bare, go bare, etc

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
Even as ood fellows should do,
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to,
And all poor souls that have scour'd bowls
Or have the lustily troll'd,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old
ack and side go bare, go bare,
oth foot and hand go cold,
ut, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old

WILLIAM STEVENSON

1530?-1575

THOMAS JORDAN

A Hundred Years Hence

LET us drink and be merry, dance, joke, and
rejoice,
With claret and sherry, theorbo and voice!
The changeable world to our joy is unjust,
All treasure's uncertain,
Then down with your dust!
In frolics dispose your pounds, shillings, and pence,
For we shall be nothin' a hundred years hence.
We'll sport and be free with Moll, Betty, and Dolly,
Have oysters and lobsters to cure melancholy
Fish-dinners will make a man spring like a flea,
Dame Venus, love's lady,
Was born of the sea,
With her and with Bacchus we'll tickle the sense,
For we shall be past it a hundred years hence
Your most beautiful bride who with arlands is
crown'd
And kills with each glance as she treads on the round,
Whose lightness and brightness doth shine in such
splendour
That none but the stars
Are thought fit to attend her,
Though now she be pleasant and sweet to the sense,
Will be damnable foully a hundred years hence.
Then why should we turmoil in cares and in fears,
Turn all our tranquillity to sighs and to tears?
Let's eat, drink, and play till the worms do corrupt
us,
'Tis certain, *Post mortem*
Nulla voluptas
For health, wealth and beauty, wit, learning and
sense,
Must all come to nothin' a hundred years hence.

THOMAS JORDAN
1612-1685

Crabbed Age and Youth

CRABBÈD Age and Youth
 Cannot live together
 Youth is full of pleasance,
 Age is full of care,
 Youth like summer morn,
 Age like winter weather,
 Youth like summer brave,
 Age like winter bare
 Youth is full of sport,
 Age's breath is short,
 Youth is nimble, Age is lame;
 Youth is hot and bold,
 Age is weak and cold,
 Youth is wild, and Age is tame
 Age, I do abhor thee,
 Youth, I do adore thee,
 O, my Love, my Love is young!
 Age, I do defy thee
 O, sweet shepherd, hie thee!
 For methinks thou stay'st too long.

From *The Passionate Pilgrim*

1599

Music, when Soft Voices die

MUSIC, when soft voices die,
 Vibrates in the memory,
 Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
 Live within the sense they quicken.
 Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
 Are heap'd for the lovèd's bed,
 And so my thoughts, when thou art gone,
 Love itself shall slumber on

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

1792-1822

The Sunflower

AH Sunflower! weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the sun,
Seeking after that sweet golden clime
Where the traveller's journey is done,

Where the Youth pined away with desire,
And the pale Virgin shrouded in snow,
Arise from their graves, and aspire
Where my Sunflower wishes to go

WILLIAM BLAKE

1757-1827

Since First I saw your Face

SINCE first I saw your face I resolved to
honour and renown ye,
If now I be disdain'd I wish my heart had never
known ye
What? I that loved and you that liked, shall we
begin to wrangle?
No, no, no, my heart is fast, and cannot disentangle

If I admire or praise you too much, that fault you
may forgive me,
Or if my hands had stray'd but a touch, then
justly you might leave me
I ask'd you leave, you bade me love, is't now a
time to chide me?
No, no, no, I'll love you still what fortune e'er
betide me

ANON * T DEKKER

The Sun, whose beams most glorious are, rejecteth
no beholder,
And your sweet beauty past compare made my
poor eyes the bolder
Where beauty moves and wit delights and signs of
kindness bind me,
There, O there! where'er I go, I leave my heart
behind me!

ANON

(Ford's *Music of Sundry Kinds*, 1607)

There is Lady sweet and kind

THERE is a Lady sweet and kind,
Was never face so pleased my mind,
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die
Her gesture, motion, and her smiles,
Her wit, her voice my heart beguiles,
Beguiles my heart, I know not why,
And yet I love her till I die
Cupid is wingèd and doth range,
Her country so my love doth change
ut change she earth, or change she sky,
Yet will I love her till I die

ANON

(Ford's *Music of Sundry Kinds*, 1607)

Golden Slumbers

(From *Patient Grisel*)

GOLDEN slumbers kiss your eyes,
Smiles awake you when you rise,
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry
And I will sing a lullaby
Rock the , rock them, lullaby.

DEKKER ❀ BRIDGES ❀ MEREDITH

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you,
You are care, and care must keep you.
Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,
And I will sing a lullaby
Rock them, rock them, lullaby

THOMAS DEK R
1575-1641

Spring goeth all in white

SPRING goeth all in white,
Crowned with milk-white may,
In fleecy flocks of light
O'er heaven the white clouds stray,

White butterflies in the air,
White daisies prank the ground,
The cherry and hoary pear
Scatter their snow around

ROBERT BRIDGES

Maria

I

SHE can be as wise as we,
And wiser when she wishes,
She can knit with cunning wit,
And dress the homely dishes
She can flourish staff or pen,
And deal a wound that lingers;
She can talk the talk of men,
And touch with thrilling fin ers

II

Match her ye across the sea,
Natures fond and fiery,
Ye who zest the turtle's nest
With the eagle's eyrie

G MEREDITH * SHAKESPEARE

Soft and loving is her soul,
Swift and lofty soaring,
Mixing with its dove-like dole
Passionate adoring

III

Such a she who'll match with e?
In flying or pursuing,
Subtle wiles are in her smiles
To set the world a-wooin
She is steadfast as a star,
And yet the maddest maiden
She can wage a gallant war,
And iver the peace of Eden.

GEORGE E DIT
1828-1909

From As You Like It

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude,
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude
Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green holly
Most friendship is feigning, most lovins mere folly:
Then heigh ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.

HAKESPEARE ❀ DANIEL ❀ SIDNEY

Hei h ho' sing, heigh ho' unto the green holly
Most friendship is feigning, most loving ere folly.

Then heigh ho, the holly'

This life is ost jolly

WILLIAM S A SPEARE

1564-1616

Love is a Sickness

LOVE is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing,
A plant that with most cutting grows,
Most barren with best using
Why so?

More we enjoy it, more it dies,
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries—
Heigh ho!

Love is a torment of the d,
A tempest everlastin ;
And Jove hath made it of a kind
Not well, nor full nor fasting
Why so?

More we enjoy it, more it dies,
If not enjoy'd, it sighing cries—
Heigh ho!

SAMUEL DANIEL

1562-1619

The Bargain

MY true love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one for another iven
hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

IDNEY ❀ COLERIDGE ❀ THOMSON

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his because in me it bides
My true love hath my heart, and I have his

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

1554-1586

Song

SHE is not fair to outward view
As many maidens be,
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me,
O, then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light!
But now her looks are coy and cold,
To mine they ne'er reply,
And yet I cease not to behold
The love-light in her eye
Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

ARTLEY COLERIDGE

1796-1849

The Vine

THE wine of Love is music,
And the feast of Love is song.
And when Love sits down to the banquet,
Love sits long
Sits long and arises drunken,
But not with the feast and the wine,
He reeleth with his own heart,
That great, rich Vine

JAMES THOMSON (B V

1834-1882

When You are Old

WHEN you are old and gray and full of sleep
And nodding by the fire, take down this
book,

And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true;
ut one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

And bending down beside the glowing ba ,
Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead,
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

Song

NAY but you, who do not love her,
Is she not pure gold, my mistress?
Holds earth aught—speak truth—above her?
Aught like this tress, see, and this tress,
And this last fairest tress of all,
So fair, see, ere I let it fall?

Because, you spend your lives in praising;
To praise, you search the wide world over:
Then why not witness, calmly gazing,
If earth holds aught—speak truth—above her?
Above this tress, and this, I touch
ut cannot praise, I love so much!

ROBERT BROWNING

1812-1889

EAUMONT & FLETCHER * LANDOR

Tell me, dearest

"TELL me, dearest, what is love?"
" 'Tis a lightning from above;
'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,
'Tis a boy they call Desire,
'Tis a smile
Doth beguile "
"The poor hearts of men that prove."
"Tell me more, are women true?"
"Some love change, and so do you "
"Are they fair and never kind?"
"Yes, when men change with the wind "
"Are they froward?"
"Ever toward
Those that love, to love anew "

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

c 1609

Twenty Years hence

TWENTY years hence my eyes may grow,
If not quite dim, yet rather so;
Yet yours from others they shall know,
Twenty years hence
Twenty years hence, though it may hap
That I be call'd to take a nap
In a cool cell where thunder-clap
Was never heard,
There breathe but o'er my arch of grass
A not too sadly sigh'd "Alas!"
And I shall catch, ere you can pass,
That winged word

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

1775-1864

From *The Two Gentles of Vero*

WHO is Silvia? What is she?
 That all our swains comend her?
 Holy, fair, and wise is she,
 The heaven such grace did lend her,
 That she might admired be

Is she kind as she is fair?
 For beauty lives with kindness:
 Love doth to her eyes repair,
 To help him of his blindness,
 And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sin,
 That Silvia is excelling,
 She excels each mortal thing
 Upon the dull earth dwelling:
 To her let us swains bring

WILLIAM S A PEA
 1564-1616

Philoel

AS it fell upon a day
 In the merry month of May,
 Sitting in a pleasant shade
 Which a grove of myrtles made,
 Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
 Trees did grow and plants did spring;
 Everything did banish pain
 Save the Nightingale alone.
 She, poor bird, as all forlorn
 Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
 And there sung the dolefullest ditty,
 That to hear it was great pity

R ARNEFIELD ❀ B JONSON

Fie, fie, fie! now would she cry;
Tereu, Tereu! by and by,
 That to hear her so complain
 Scarce I could from tears refrain,
 For her griefs so lively shown
 Made me think upon mine own
 Ah! thought I, thou mourn'st in vain,
 None takes pity on thy pain
 Senseless trees they cannot hear thee,
 Ruthless beasts they will not cheer thee:
 King Pandion he is dead,
 All thy friends are lapp'd in lead,
 All thy fellow birds do sin
 Careless of thy sorrowing
 Even so, poor bird, like thee,
 None alive will pity me

RICHARD BARNEFIELD

1574-1627

Hymn to Diana

QUEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,
 Now the sun is laid to sleep,
 Seated in thy silver chair,
 State in wonted manner keep
 Hesperus entreats thy light,
 Goddess excellently bright

Earth, let not thy envious shade
 Dare itself to interpose,
 Cynthia's shining orb was made
 Heaven to clear when day did close
 Bless us then with wished sight,
 Goddess excellently bright

JONSON * J DONNE

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal-shining quiver,
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever.
Thou that mak'st a day of night—
Goddess excellently bright

BEN JONSON

1573-1637

Song

GO and catch a falling star,
Get with child a mandrake root,
Tell me where all past years are,
Or who cleft the Devil's foot,
Teach me to hear mermaids singin',
Or to keep off envy's stinging,
And find
What wind
Serves to advance an honest mind

If thou be'st born to strange sights,
Things invisible to see,
Ride ten thousand days and nights
Till Age snow white hairs on thee;
Thou, when thou return'st, wilt tell me
All strange wonders that befell thee,
And swear
No where
Lives a woman true and fair

If thou find'st one, let me know,
Such a pilgrimage were sweet
Yet do not, I would not go,
Though at next door we might meet

J. DONNE * T HEYWOOD

Though she were true when you met her,
And last till you write your letter,
Yet she
Will be
False, ere I come, to two or three

JOHN DONNE

1573-1631

Matin Song

PACK, clouds, away! and welco e, day!
With night we banish sorrow
Sweet air, blow soft, mount, lark, aloft
To give my Love good-morrow!
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow
Ird, prune thy wing! nightin ale, sin!
To give my Love good-morrow!
To give my Love good- orrow
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin red-breast!
Sing, birds, in every furrow!
And from each bill let music shrill
Give my fair Love ood- orrow!
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cocksparrow,
You pretty elves, among yourselves
Sing my fair Love good-morrow!
To give my Love ood-morrow!
Sing, birds, in every furrow!

T OMAS HEYWOOD

d 1650

Against Indifference

MORE love or more disdain I crave,
Sweet, be not still indifferent.
O send me quickly to my grave,
Or else afford me more content!
Or love or hate me more or less,
For love abhors all lukewarmness

Give me a tempest if 'twill drive
Me to the place where I would be,
Or if you'll have me still alive,
Confess you will be kind to me
Give hopes of bliss or dig my grave
More love or more disdain I crave

C ARLES WEBBE

c 1678

The Swallow

FOOLISH prater, what dost thou
So early at my window do?

Cruel bird, thou'st ta'en away
A dream out of my arms to-day,
A dream that ne'er must equal'd be
By all that waking eyes may see.
Thou this damage to repair
Nothin' half so sweet and fair,
Nothing half so good, canst bring,
Tho' men say thou bring'st the Spring

ABRAHAM COWLEY

1618-1667

Song

THE lark now leaves his wat'ry nest,
And climbing shakes his dewy wings
He takes this window for the East,
And to implore your light he sings—
Awake, awake! the morn will never rise
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
The ploughman from the sun his season takes,
ut still the lover wonders what they are
Who look for day before his mistress wakes
Awake, awake! break thro' your veils of lawn!
Then draw your curtains, and begin the dawn!

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT

1606-1668

To Daffodils

FAIR daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon,
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon
Stay, stay
Until the hasting day
Has run
ut to the evensong,
And, having pray'd together, we
Will o with you along

ROBERT E. IC

1591-1674

To Lucasta, going to the Wars

TELL me not, Sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field,
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield

Yet this inconstancy is such
As thou too shalt adore,
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honour more

RICHARD LOVELACE

1618-1658

Out upon it

OUT upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together!
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather

Time shall moult away his wings
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover

But the spite on 't is, no praise
Is due at all to me.
Love with me had made no stays,
Had it any been but she.

SI J. SUCKLING ❀ C H. SORLEY

Had it any been but she,
And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen dozen in her place

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

1609-1642

Why so Pale and Wan?

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothin' do 't?
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame! This will not move,
This cannot take her
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her.
The devil take her!

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

1609-1642

The Song of the Ungirt Runners

WE swing ungirded hips,
And lightened are our eyes,
The rain is on our lips,
We do not run for prize.

C H SORLEY ❀ R. KIPLING

We know not whom we trust
Nor whitherward we fare,
But we run because we must
 Through the great wide air.

The waters of the seas
Are troubled as by storm
The tempest strips the trees
And does not leave them warm
Does the tearing tempest pause?
Do the tree-tops ask it why?
So we run without a cause
 'Neath the big bare sky.

The rain is on our lips,
We do not run for prize
But the storm the water whips
And the wave howls to the skies
The winds arise and strike it
And scatter it like sand,
And we run because we like it
 Through the broad bright land

C ARLES HAMILTON SORLEY

1895-1915

Harp Song of the Dane Women

WHAT is a woman that you forsake her,
And the hearth-fire and the home-acre,
To o with the old grey Widow-maker?

She has no home to lay a guest in—
But one chill bed for all to rest in,
That the pale suns and the stray bergs nest in.

She has no strong white arms to fold you,
But the ten-times-fingering weed to hold you—
Out on the rocks where the tide has rolled you

R KIPLING TENNYSON

Yet, when the signs of summer thicken,
And the ice breaks, and the birch-buds quicken,
Yearly you turn from our side, and sicken—

Sicken again for the shouts and the slaughters
You steal away to the lapping waters,
And look at your ship in her winter quarters.

You forget our mirth, and talk at the tables,
The kine in the shed and the horse in the stables—
To pitch her sides and go over her cables

Then you drive out where the storm-clouds
swallow,
And the sound of your oar-blades, fallin hollow,
Is all we have left through the months to follow.

Ah, what is Woman that you forsake her,
And the hearth-fire and the home-acre,
To o with the old grey Widow-maker?

RUDYA KIPLING

Tears, Idle Tears

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they
mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no ore.

TENNYSON ❀ R HERRICK

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square,
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others, deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret,
O Death in Life, the days that are no more

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON
1809-1892

To Daisies, not to shut so soon

SHUT not so soon, the dull-eyed night
Has not as yet begun
To make a seizure on the light,
Or to seal up the sun

No marigolds yet closed are,
No shadows great appear;
Nor doth the early shepherd's star
Shine like a spangle here

Stay but till my Julia close
Her life-begetting eye,
And let the whole world then dispose
Itself to live or die

ROBERT HERRICK
1591-1634

For Music

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee,
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me
When, as if its sound were causing
The charmed ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lull'd winds seem dreaming.

And the midnight moon is weavin
Her bright chain o'er the deep,
Whose breast is gently heaving,
As an infant's asleep
So the spirit bows before thee,
To listen and adore thee,
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

GEORGE, LORD BYRON
1788-1824 .

The Vagabond

GIVE to me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me,
Give the jolly heaven above
And the byway nigh me
ed in the bush with stars to see,
read I dip in the river—
There's the life for a man like me,
There's the life for ever

R. L. STEVENSON * W LAKE

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me,
Give the face of earth around
And the road before me
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me,
All I seek, the heaven above
And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me
Where afield I linger,
Silencing the bird on tree,
Biting the blue finger
White as meal the frosty field—
Warm the fireside haven—
Not to autumn will I yield,
Not to winter even!

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me,
Give the face of earth around
And the road before me
Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me,
All I ask, the heaven above
And the road below me

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

1850-1894

Song

MY silks and fine array,
My smiles and languish'd air,
y Love are driven away,
And mournful lean Despair
rings me yew to deck my grave.
Such end true lovers have

W BLAKE ❀ M ARNOLD

His face is fair as heaven
When springing buds unfold
O why to him was't given,
Whose heart is wintry cold?
His breast is Love's all-worshipp'd tomb,
Where all Love's pilgrims come
ring me an axe and spade,
Bring me a winding-sheet,
When I my grave have made,
Let winds and tempests beat.
Then down I'll lie, as cold as clay.
True love doth pass away!

WILLIAM BLAKE

1757-1827

Requiescat

STREW on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew.
In quiet she reposes
Ah! would that I did too.
Her mirth the world required
She bathed it in smiles of glee
ut her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let her be.
Her life was turning, turning,
In mazes of heat and sound
But for peace her soul was yearning,
And now peace laps her round
Her cabin'd, ample Spirit,
It flutter'd and fail'd for breath
To-night it doth inherit
The vasty hall of Death

MATTHEW ARNOLD

1822-1888

L. HUNT ❀ LORD BYRON

Jenny kiss'd Me

JENNY kiss'd me when we met,
Ju pping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in!
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have miss'd e,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
Jenny kiss'd me

LEIG UNT
1784-1859

She walks in Beauty

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes.
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face,
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

GEORGE, LORD BYRON
1788-1824

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

When the lamp is shattered

WHEN the lamp is shatter'd,
The light in the dust lies dead,
When the cloud is scatter'd
The rainbow's glory is shed,
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remember'd not;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendour
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute—
No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruin'd cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled,
Love first leaves the well-built nest,
The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possest
O Love, who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your bier?

Its passions will rock thee,
As the storms rock the ravens on hi h;
Bright reason will mock thee,
Like the sun from a wintry sky
From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
Leave thee naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
1792-1822

TENNYSON * SIR W SCOTT

Ask me no more

ASK me no more the moon may draw the sea;
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take
the shape

With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape,
But O too fond, when have I answer'd thee?

Ask me no more

Ask me no more what answer should I give?
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye

Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live,

Ask me no more

Ask me no more thy fate and mine are seal'd.

I strove against the stream and all in vain.

Let the great river take me to the main
No ore, dear love, for at a touch I yield,

Ask me no more

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

1809-1892

Lucy Ashton's Song

LOOK not thou on beauty's charming,
Sit thou still when kings are arming,

Taste not when the wine-cup glistens,

Speak not when the people listens,

Stop thine ear against the singer,

From the red gold keep thy finger,

Vacant heart and hand and eye,

Easy live and quiet die

SIR WALTER SCOTT

1771-1832

MORDAUNT * WALLER

Sound, so nd the clarion

SOUND, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
Throughout the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name

[Commonly attributed to Sir W. Scott, now known to be by Mordaunt, see *Times Lit Supp*, July 29, 1920] T O MORDAUNT
1730-1809

Go, lovely Rose

GO, lovely Rose—
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired.
Id her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

EDMUND WALLER
1606-1687

From Cymbeline

FEAR no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages,
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

SHAKESPEARE * LORD YRON

Fear no more the frown o' the reat,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat,
To thee the reed is as the oak
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone,
Fear not slander, censure rash,
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have,
And renownèd be thy grave!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEA

1564-1616

We'll go no more a-roving

SO, we'll go no more a-roving
So late into the night,
Though the heart be still as loving,
And the moon be still as bright

For the sword outwears its sheath,
And the soul wears out the breast,
And the heart must pause to breathe,
And love itself have rest

LORD BYRON * R BURNS

Though the night was made for loving,
And the day returns too soon,
Yet we'll go no more a-roving
y the li ht of the moon

GEORGE, LORD BYRON
1788-1824

A Red, Red Rose

O MY Luve's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June
O my Luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly play'd in tune!

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I.
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry

Till a' the seas ang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun,
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run

And fare thee weel, my only Luve,
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my Luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile

ROBERT BURNS
1759-1796

John Anderson , my Jo

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
When we weie first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent,

BURNS * SHAKESPEARE * ROSSETTI

But now your brow is beld, John,
 Your locks are like the snow,
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my jo!

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither,
 And monie a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo

jo = sweetheart, *bent* = smooth, *beld* = bald;
pow = pate, *canty* = cheerful

ROBERT BURNS

1759-1796

From *Measure for Measure*

TAKE, O take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn;
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn!
 But my kisses bring again,
 Bring again,
 Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
 Seal'd in v n!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

1564-1616

Song

WHEN I am dead, my dearest,
 Sing no sad songs for me,
 Plant thou no roses at my head,
 Nor shady cypress tree

C. ROSSETTI * SHAKESPEARE

e the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet,
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain,
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain,
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget

C. RISTINA ROSSETTI

1830-1894

From Twelfth Night

COME away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid,
Fly away, fly away, breath,
I am slain by a fair cruel maid
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave
To weep there!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

1564-1616

ROBERT HERRICK

To the Virgins, to take much of Time

GATHER ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flyin'.
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times still succeed the former

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry

ROBERT HERRICK
1591-1633

PART IV

The False Heart

I SAID to Heart, "How goes it?"
Heart replied.
"Right as a Ribstone Pippin!"
But it lied.

HILAIRE BELLOC

Man

I KNOW my soul hath power to know all
things,
Yet is she blind and ignorant in all.
I know I'm one of Nature's little kings,
Yet to the least and vilest things am thrall.

I know my life's a pain and but a span,
I know my sense is mock'd in everything,
And, to conclude, I know myself a Man—
Which is a proud and yet a wretched thing.

SIR JOHN DAVIES

1569-1626

Elegy written in a Country Churchyard

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds,

THOMAS GRAY

ave that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign
eneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep
The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed
For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share
Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy
stroke!
Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure,
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor
The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave
Nor you, ye Proud, impute to These the fault,
If Memory o'er their Tomb no Trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted
vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

THOMA GRAY

Can storied urn or animated bust
 ack to its mansion call the fleetin' breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or waked to ecstasy the livin' lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
 Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll,
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade nor circumscribed alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes con-
 fined,
Forbade to trade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

THOMAS GRAY

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray,
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way
Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture
deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh
Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd
muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.
For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?
On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires,
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our Ashes live their wonted Fires.
For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,
Haply some hoary-headed Swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
rushing with hasty steps the dews away
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn
"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

THOMAS GRAY

“Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt’ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross’d in hopeless love.

“One orn I miss’d him on the custom’d hill,
Along the heath and near his fav’rite tree;
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he,

“The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him
borne
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn:”

THE EPITAPH

*Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unkno n
Fair Science frown’d not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy ark’d hi for her own.*

*Large as his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heav’n did a recompense as largely send.
He gave to Mis’ry all he had, a tear,
He gain’d fro Heav’n (’twas all he ish’d)
friend*

*No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in tre bling hope repose),
The boso of his Father and his God*

T OMAS GRAY

1716-1771

Love's Secret

NEVER seek to tell thy love,
Love that never told can be,
For the gentle wind doth move
Silently, invisibly

I told my love, I told my love,
I told her all my heart,
Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears.
Ah! she did depart!

Soon after she, was gone from me,
A traveller came by,
Silently, invisibly
He took her with a sigh

WILLIAM BLAKE

1757-1827

The Dying Christian to his Soul

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame.
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life

Hark! they whisper, angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

A. POPE R L STEVENSON

The world recedes ; it disappears !
Heav'n opens on my eyes ! my ears
 With sounds seraphic rin !
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
O Grave ! where is thy victory ?
O Death ! where is thy stin ?

ALEXANDER POPE

1688-1744

If This Were Faith

GOD, if this were enough,
That I see things bare to the buff
And up to the buttocks in mire,
That I ask nor hope nor hire,
Nut in the husk,
Nor dawn beyond the dusk,
Nor life beyond death
God, if this were faith ?

Having felt thy wind in my face
Spit sorrow and disgrace,
Havin seen thine evil doom
In Golgotha and Khartoum,
And the brutes, the work of thine hands,
Fill with injustice lands
And stain with blood the sea
If still in my veins the glee
Of the black night and the sun
And the lost battle, run
If, an adept,
The iniquitous lists I still accept
With joy, and joy to endure and be withstood,
And still to battle and perish for a dream of good.
God, if that were enough ?

R. L. STEVENSON J SHIRLEY

If to feel, in the ink of the slough,
And the sink of the mire,
Veins of glory and fire
Run through and transpire and transpire,
And a secret purpose of glory in every part,
And the answering glory of battle fill my heart,
To thrill with the joy of girded men,
To go on for ever and fail and go on a ain,
And be mauled to the earth and arise,
And contend for the shade of a word and a thin
 not seen with the eyes
With the half of a broken hope for a pillow at night
That somehow the right is the right
And the smooth shall bloom from the rough.
Lord, if that were enough?

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
1850-1894

Death the Leveller

THE glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things,
There is no armour against Fate,
Death lays his icy hand on kings:
 Sceptre and Crown
 Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
 They tame but one another still:
 Early or late
 They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to death

J SHIRLEY MILTON

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds!
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds.
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb.
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in their dust

JAMES SHIRLEY
1596-1666

Il Penseroso

HENCE vain deluding joyes,
The brood of folly without father bred,
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixèd mind with all your toyes,
Dwell in som idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numbeilless
As the gay motes that people the Sun Beams,
Or likest hovering dreams
The fickle Pensioners of Morpheus train.
ut hail thou Goddes, sage and holy,
Hail divinest Melancholy,
Whose Santly visage is too bright
To hit the Sense-of human sight,
And therfore to our weaker view,
Ore laid with black staid Wisdoms hue
Black, but such as in esteem,
Prince Memnons sister might beseem,
Or that Starr'd Ethiope Queen that strove
To set her beauties praise above
The Sea Nymphs, and their powers offended.
Yet thou art higher far descended,
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore,

JOHN MILTON

To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she (in Saturns reign,
Such mixture was not held a stain)
Oft in glimmering Bowres, and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.
Com pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestick train,
And sable stole of Cipres Lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Com, but keep thy wonted state,
With eev'n step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thy self to Marble, till
With a sad Leaden downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast
And joyn with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring,
Ay round about Joves Altar sing
And adde to these retirèd Leasure,
That in trim Gardens takes his pleasure,
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring,
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,
The Cherub Contemplation,
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will daign a Song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of nì ht,
While Cynthia checks her Dra on yoke,
Gently o're th'accustom'd Oke,

JOHN MILTON

weet Bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musicall, most melancholy!
Thee Chauntress oft the Woods among,
I woo to hear thy eeven-Song,
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven Green,
To behold the wandring Moon,
Riding neer her highest noon,
Like one that had bin led astray
Through the Heav'ns wide pathles way;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud
Oft on a Plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off Curfeu sound,
Over som wide-water'd shoar,
Swingin slow with sullen roar;
Or if the Ayr will not permit,
Som still removèd place will fit,
Where lowin Embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the Cricket on the hearth,
Or the Belmans drousie charm,
To bless the dores from nightly harm:
Or let my Lamp at midnight hour,
e seen in som high lonely Towr,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unspear
The spirit of Plato to unfold
What Wòlds, or what vast Regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook
And of those Dæmons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With Planet, or with Element
o time let Gorgeous Tragedy

JOHN MILTON

In Scepter'd Pall com sweeping by,
Presenting Thebs, or Pelops line,
Or the tale of Troy divine
Or what (though rare) of later age,
Ennobled hath the Buskind stage

But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as warbled to the string,
Drew Iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And ade Hell grant what Love did seek.
Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the vertuous Ring and Glass,
And of the wondrous Hors of Brass,
On which the Tartar King did ride,
And of ought els, great Bards beside,
In sage and solemn tunes have sun ,
Of Turneys and of Trophies hung;
Of Forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus night oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appeer,
Not trickt and frounc't as she was wont,
With the Attick Boy to hunt,
But Cherchef't in a comly Cloud,
While rocking Winds are Pipin loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the russling Leaves,
With minute drops from off the Eaves.
And when the Sun begins to fling
His flarin beams, me Goddes brin
To archèd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves,

JOHN MILTON

Of Pine, or monumental Oake,
Where the rude Ax with heavèd stroke,
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or flight them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by som Brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from Day's garish eie,
While the Bee with Honied thie,
That at her flowry work doth sing,
And the Waters murmuring
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;
And let som strange mysterious dream,
Wave at his Wings in Airy stream,
Of lively portrature display'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid
And as I wake, sweet musick breath
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by som spirit to mortals good,
Or th'unseen Genius of the Wood
But let my due feet never fail,
To walk the studious Cloysters pale,
And love the high embowèd Roof,
With antick Pillars massy proof,
And storied Windows richly dight,
Casting a dimm religious light
There let the pealing Organ blow,
To the full voic'd Quire below,
In Service high, and Anthems cleer,
As may with sweetnes, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into extasies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peacefull hermitage,
The Hairy Gown and Mossy Cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every Star that Heav'n doth shew,

JOHN MILTON

And every Herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like Prophetic strain
These pleasures Melancholy give,
And I with thee will choose to live

JOHN MILTON

1608-1674

L' Allegro

HENCE loathèd Melancholy
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,
In Stygian Cave forlorn
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights
unholy
Find out som uncouth cell,
Where brooding darknes spreads his jealous
wings,
And the night-Raven sings,
There, under Ebon shades, and low-brow'd
Rocks,
As ragged as thy Locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
ut com thou Goddes fair and free,
In Heav'n ycleap'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth
With two sister Graces more
To Ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore,
Or whether (as som Sager sing)
The frolick Wind that breathes the Spring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a Maying,
There on Beds of Violets blew,
And fresh-blown Roses washt in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
o buckso , blith, and debonair.

JOHN MILTON

Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful Jollity,
 Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
 Nods, and Becks, and Wreathèd Smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek;
 Sport that wrincled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.
 Com, and trip it as ye go
 On the light fantastick toe,
 And in thy right hand lead with thee,
 The Mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty;
 And if I give thee honour due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crue
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unprovèd pleasures free,
 To hear the Lark begin his flight,
 And singing startle the dull night,
 From his watch-towre in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise,
 Then to com in spight of sorrow,
 And at my window bid good morrow,
 Through the Sweet-Briar, or the Vine,
 Or the twisted Eglantine
 While the Cock with lively din,
 Scatters the rear of darknes thin,
 And to the stack, or the Barn dore,
 Stoutly struts his Dames before,
 Oft list'ning how the Hounds and horn
 Chearly rouse the slumbring morn,
 From the side of som Hoar Hill,
 Through the high wood echoin shrill
 Som time walking not unseen
 y Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,
 Right against the Eastern gate,
 Wher the great Sun begins his state,
 Rob'd in flames, and Amber li ht,

JOHN MILTON

The clouds in thousand Liveries dight.
While the Plowman neer at hand,
Whistles ore the Furrow'd Land,
And the Milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the Mower whets his sithe,
And every Shepherd tells his tale
Under the Hawthorn in the dale
Streit mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the Lantskip round it measures,
Russet Lawns, and Fallows Gray,
Where the nibling flocks do stray,
Mountains on whose barien brest
The labouring clouds do often rest.
Meadows trim with Daisies pide,
Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide
Towers, and Battlements it sees
 oosom'd high in tufted Trees,
Wher perhaps som beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a Cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two agèd Okes,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis et,
Are at their savory dinner set
Of Hearbs, and other Country Messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses,
And then in haste her Bowie she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the Sheaves,
Or if the earlier season lead
To the tann'd Haycock in the Mead,
Som times with secure delight
The up-land Hamlets will invite,
When the merry Bells ring round,
And the jocond rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the Chequer'd shade,
And young and old com forth to play
On a Sunshine Holyday,

JOHN MILTON

Till the live-long day-light fail,
Then to the Spicy Nut-brown Ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How Faery Mab the junkets eat,
She was pinch't, and pull'd she sed,
And he by Friars Lanthorn led
Tells how the drudging Goblin sweet,
To ern his Cream-bowle duly set,
When in one night, ere glimps of morn,
His shadowy Flae hath thresh'd the Corn
That ten day-labourers could not end,
Then lies him down the Lubbar Fend,
And stretch'd out all the Chimney's length,
asks at the fire his hairy strength,
And Crop-full out of dores he flings,
Ere the first Cock his Mattin rings
Thus don the Tales, to bed they creep,
y whispering Windes soon lull'd asleep
Towred Cities please us then,
And the busie humm of men,
Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold,
In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold,
With store of Ladies, whose bright eyes,
Rain influence, and judge the prise
Of Wit, or Arms, while both contend
To win her Grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In Saffron robe, with Taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique Pageantry,
Such sights as youthfull Poets dream
On Summer eeves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonsons learnèd Sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespear fancies childe,
Warble his native Wood-notes wilde,
And ever against eating Cares,

MILTON ❀ KEATS

Lap me in soft Lydian Aires,
 Married to immortal verse
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce
 In notes, with many a winding bout
 Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
 With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running;
 Untwisting all the chains that ty
 The hidden soul of harmony
 That Orpheus self may heave his head
 From olden slumber on a bed
 Of heapt Elysian flowres, and hear
 Such streins as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 His half regain'd Eurydice
 These delights, if thou canst give,
 Mirth with thee, I mean to live

JOHN MILTON
 1608-1674

O first looking into Chapman's Homer

MUCH have I travell'd in the realms of old,
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen,
 Round many western islands have I been
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
 That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne:
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold.
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken;
 Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
 He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
 Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

JOHN KEATS
 1795-1821

Shakespeare

OTHERS abide our question. Thou art free
We ask and ask Thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill
That to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
Making the heaven of heavens his dwellin -place,
Spares but the cloudy border of his base
To the foil'd searching of mortality,
And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-
secure,
Didst walk on earth unguess'd at Better so!
All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness that impairs, all griefs that bow,
Find their sole voice in that victorious brow

MATTHEW ARNOL

1822-1888

Into Battle

THE naked earth is warm with Spring,
And with green grass and bursting trees
Leans to the sun's gaze glorying,
And quivers in the sunny breeze,
And Life is Colour and Warmth and Light,
And a striving evermore for these,
And he is dead who will not fight,
And who dies fighting has increase.
The fighting man shall from the sun
Take warmth, and life from the glowing earth,
Speed with the light-foot winds to run,
And with the trees to newer birth,
And find, when fighting shall be done,
Great rest, and fullness after dearth.

JULIAN GRENFELL

All the bright company of Heaven
Hold him in their high comradeship,
The Dog-Star and the Sisters Seven,
Orion's Belt and sworded hip

The woodland trees that stand together,
They stand to him each one a friend,
They gently speak in the windy weather;
They guide to valley and ridges' end

The kestrel hovering by day,
And the little owls that call by night,
And him be swift and keen as they,
As keen of ear, as swift of sight.

The blackbird sings to him, "Brother, brother,
If this be the last song you shall sing
Sing well, for you may not sing another,
Brother, sing "

In dreary, doubtful, waiting hours,
Before the brazen frenzy starts,
The horses show him nobler powers;
O patient eyes, courageous hearts!

And when the burning moment breaks,
And all things else are out of mind,
And only Joy of Battle takes
Him by the throat, and makes him blind—

Through joy and blindness he shall know,
Not caring much to know, that still,
Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so
That it be not the Destined Will

The thundering line of battle stands,
And in the air Death moans and sighs;
ut Day shall clasp him with strong hands,
And Night shall fold him in soft wings

JULIAN GRENFELL

1888-1915

The Volunteer

“ **H**E leapt to arms unbidden,
Unneeded, overbold,
His face by earth is hidden,
His heart in earth is cold

“ Curse on the reckless daring
That could not wait the call,
The proud fantastic bearing
That would be first to fall !”

O tears of human passion,
Blur not the image true,
This was not folly's fashion,
This was the man we knew

ENRY NEWBOLT

The Soldier

IF I should die, think only this of me ·
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed,
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home
And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by
England given,
Her sights and sounds, dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends, and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

- RUPERT BROOKE

1887-1915

Unconquerable

OUT of the night that covers me,
 lack as the pit from pole to pole,
 thank whatever gods may be
 For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
 I have not winced nor cried aloud.
 Under the bludgeonings of chance
 My head is bloody, but unbowed.

beyond this place of wrath and tears
 Looms but the Horror of the shade,
 And yet the menace of the years
 Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
 How charged with punishments the scroll,
 I am the master of my fate
 I am the captain of my soul

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

1849-1903

The Two Highwayme

I LONG have had a quarrel set with Time
 Because he robb'd me Every day of life
 Was wrested from me after bitter strife
 I never yet could see the sun go down
 But I was angry in my heart, nor hear
 The leaves fall in the wind without a tear
 Over the dying summer I have known
 No truce with Time nor Time's accomplice, Death.

W S BLUNT ❀ J MASEFIELD

The fair world is the witness of a crime
Repeated every hour For life and breath
Are sweet to all who live, and bitterly
The voices of these robbers of the heath
Sound in each ear and chill the passer-by.
—What have we done to thee, thou monstrous
Time?

What have we done to Death that we must die?

WILFRED SCAWEN BLUNT

1840-1922

C. L. M.

I N the dark womb where I began
My mother's life made me a man
Through all the months of human birth
Her beauty fed my common earth
I cannot see, nor breathe, nor stir,
ut through the death of some of her.

Down in the darkness of the grave
She cannot see the life she gave
For all her love, she cannot tell
Whether I use it ill or well,
Nor knock at dusty doors to find
Her beauty dusty in the mind

If the grave's gates could be undone,
She would not know her little son,
I am so grown If we should meet
She would pass by me in the street,
Unless my soul's face let her see
My sense of what she did for me

What have I done to keep in mind
My debt to her and womankind?

J. MASEFI LD ❀ G HERBERT

What wo an's happier life repays
Her for those months of wretched days?
For all my outhless body leech'd
Ere Birth's releasin hell was reached?

What have I done, or tried, or said
In thanks to that dear woman dead?
Men triumph over women still,
Men trample women's rights at will,
And 's lust roves the world untamed.

O grave, keep shut lest I be shamed.

JOHN ASEFIELD

Avarice

MONEY! thou bane of bliss and source of
woe,
Whence com'st thou, that thou art so fresh and
fine?

I know thy parentage is base and low,
Man found thee poor and dirty in a mine

• Sure thou didst so little contribute
To this great kingdom which thou now hast got,
That he was fain, when thou wast destitute,
To di thee out of thy dark cave and grot

Then forcin thee, by fire he made thee bright;
Nay, thou hast got the face of man, for we
Have with our stamp and seal transferr'd our
right,

Thou art the man, and man but dross to thee

Man calleth thee his wealth, who made thee rich,
And while he digs out thee, falls in the ditch

GEORGE HERBERT

1593-1632

JOHN MILTON

On His Deceased Wife

METHOUGHT I saw my late espousèd
Saint
rought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
Whom Joves great Son to her glad Husband
ave,
Rescu'd from death by force though pale and
faint
Mine as whom washt from spot of child-bed taint,
Purification in the old Law did save,
And such, as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind
Her face was vail'd, yet to my fancied sight,
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But O as to embrace me she enclin'd
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.

JOHN MILTON

1608-1674

O His Blindness

WHEN I consider how my light is spent,
E're half my days, in this dark world and
wide,
And that one Talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me useless, though my Soul more
bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, least he returning chide,
Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd,
I fondly ask, But patience to prevent

MILTON ❀ MEREDITH ❀ QUARLES

That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts, who best
Bear his milde yoke, they serve him best, his
State

Is Kingly Thousands at his bidding speed
And post o're Land and Ocean without rest
They also serve who only stand and waite

JO N MILTON

1608-1674

Earth's Secret

NOT solitarily in fields we find
Earth's secret open, though one page is there,
Her plainest, such as children spell, and share
With bird and beast, raised letters for the blind
Not where the troubled passions toss the mind,
In turbid cities, can the Key be bare
It han s for those who hither thither fare,
Close interthreading nature with our kind
They, hearing History speak, of what men were,
And have become, are wise The ain is great
In vision and solidity, it lives
Yet at a thought of life apart from her,
Solidity and vision lose their state,
For Earth, that gives the milk, the spirit gives.

GEORGE MEREDITH

1828-1909

Epigra

MY soul, sit thou a patient looker-on,
Judge not the play before the play is done
Her plot hath many changes, every day
Speaks a new scene, the last act crowns the play.

FRANCIS QUARLES

1592-1644

O the Tombs in Westminster Abbey

MORTALITY, behold, and fear,
 What a change of flesh is here!
 Think how many royal bones
 Sleep within this heap of stones
 Here they lie had realms and lands,
 Who now want strength to stir their hands:
 Where, from their pulpits seal'd with dust,
 They preach, "In greatness is no trust"
 Here's an acre sown indeed
 With the richest, royal'st seed
 That the earth did e'er suck in
 Since the first man died for sin
 Here the bones of birth have cried,
 "Though gods they were, as men they died"
 Here are sands, ignoble things
 Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings
 Here's a world of pomp and state
 uried in dust, once dead by fate

FRANCIS BEAUMONT

1586-1616

Three Sonnets

I

SHALL I compare thee to a Summer's day?
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate
 Rough winds dō shake the darling buds of May,
 And Summer's lease hath all too short a date.
 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,
 By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd.
 ut thy eternal Summer shall not fade
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Nor shall Death brag thou wanderest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest.
 o long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

II

WHEN to the Sessions of sweet silent
 thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste.
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,
And moan th' expense of many a vanish'd sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoan'd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before
 But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
 All losses are restored and sorrows end.

III

TO me, fair friend, you never can be old;
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
 such seems your beauty still Three Winters cold
Have from the forests shook three Summers' pride;
Three beauteous Springs to yellow Autumn turn'd
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived;

HAKESPEARE * W. B YEATS

So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

1564-1616

The Sorrow of Love

THE quarrel of the sparrows in the eaves,
The full round moon and the star-laden sky,
And the loud song of the ever-singing leaves,
Had hid away earth's old and weary cry

And then you came with those red mournful lips,
And with you came the whole of the world's
tears,
And all the sorrows of her labouring ships,
And all the burden of her myriad years.

And now the sparrows warbling in the eaves,
The curd-pale moon, the white stars in the sky,
And the loud chaunting of the unquiet leaves
Are shaken with earth's old and weary cry.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

Ode

WE are the music-makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams,
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams
Yet we are the lovers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems.

O'SHAUGHNESSY * RALEIGH

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's lory
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown,
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample an empire down

We, in the ages lying
In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
And Babel itself with our mirth,
And o'erthrew them with prophesying
To the old of the new world's worth;
For each age is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth

ARTHUR WILLIAM EDGAR O'S AUG NESSY
1844-1881

That which makes a Lover

PASSIONS are liken'd best to floods and
streams
The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb,
So, when affection yields discourse, it seems
The bottom is but shallow whence they co e.
They that are rich in words, in words discover
That they are poor in that which makes a lover

SIR WALTER RALEIG
1552-1618

On the Countess Dowager of Pembroke

UNDERNEATH this sable herse
 Lies the subject of all verse
 Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother:
 Death, ere thou hast slain another
 Fair and learn'd and good as she,
 Time shall throw a dart at thee

WILLIAM BROWNE OF TAVISTOCK

1591-1643?

An Epitaph

O MORTAL folk, you may behold and see
 How I lie here, sometime a mighty knight;
 The end of joy and all prosperitee
 Is death at last, through his course and my knight;
 After the day there cometh the dark night,
 For though the daye be never so long,
 At last the bells ringeth to evensong

STEPHEN HAWES

d 1523

Death

IT is not death, that sometime in a sigh
 This eloquent breath shall take its speechless
 flight,
 That sometime these bright stars, that now reply
 In sunlight to the sun, shall set in night,
 That this warm conscious flesh shall perish quite,
 And all life's ruddy springs forget to flow,
 That thoughts shall cease, and the immortal
 sprite
 Be lapp'd in alien clay and laid below;

It is not death to know this—but to know
 That pious thoughts, which visit at new graves
 In tender pilgrimage, will cease to go
 So duly and so oft—and when grass waves
 Over the pass'd-away, there may be then
 No resurrection in the minds of men

T HOOD
 1798-1845

Requiem

UNDER the wide and starry sky
 Dig the grave and let me lie
 Glad did I live and gladly die,
 And I laid me down with a will.

This be the veise you grave for me:
*Here he lies where he long'd to be,
 Home is the sailor, home from sea,
 And the hunter home fro the hill*

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
 1850-1894

Epitaph o an Army of Mercenaries

THESE, in the day when heaven w falling,
 The hour when earth's foundations fled,
 Followed their mercenary calling
 And took their wages and are dead

Their shoulders held the sky suspended,
 They stood, and earth's foundations stay;
 What God abandoned, these defended,
 And saved the sum of things for pay

A E HOUSMAN

S DANIEL ❖ M. DRAYTON

Whe Beauty Passes

WHEN men shall find thy flow'r, thy lory,
pass,
And thou with careful brow, sitting alone,
Received hast this message from thy glass,
That tells the truth and says that *All is gone*;
Fresh shalt thou see in me the wounds thou mad'st,
Though spent thy flame, in me the heat remaining.
I that have loved thee thus before thou fad'st—
My faith shall wax, when thou art in thy waning
The world shall find this miracle in me,
That fire can burn when all the matter's spent
Then what my faith hath been thyself shalt see,
And that thou wast unkind thou may'st repent —
Thou may'st repent that thou hast scorn'd my tears,
When Winter snows upon thy sable hairs

SAMUEL DANIEL
1562-1619

The Parting

SINCE there's no help, come let us kiss and part—
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me;
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart;
That thus so cleanly I myself can free
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Let it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain
Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,
When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And Innocence is closing up his eyes,
—Now if thou wouldst, when all have given him
over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover

ICHAEL DRAYTON
1563-1631

Sleep

COME, Sleep, O Sleep! the certain knot of peace,
 The bating-place of wit, the balm of woe,
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
 Th' indifferent judge between the high and low,
 With shield of proof shield me from out the prease
 Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw
 O make in me those civil wars to cease,
 I will good tribute pay, if thou do so
 Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
 A chamber deaf to noise and blind of light,
 A rosy garland and a weary head,
 And if these things, as being thine by right,
 Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
 Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY
 1554-1586

When I have Fears that I may cease to be

WHEN I have fears that I may cease to be
 Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,
 Before high-piled books, in charact'ry,
 Hold like full garners the full-ripen'd grain;
 When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face,
 Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
 And feel that I may never live to trace
 Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;
 And when I feel, fair creature of an hour
 That I shall never look upon thee more,
 Never have relish in the faery power
 Of unreflecting love;—then on the shore
 Of the wide world I stand alone, and think,
 Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink

JOHN KEATS
 1795-1821

Last Sonnet

BRIGHT Star, would I were steadfast as thou
 art—
 Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
 And watching, with eternal lids apart,
 Like Nature's patient sleepless Eremite,
 The moving waters at their priest-like task
 Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
 Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask
 Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—
 No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
 Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,
 To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
 Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
 Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
 And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

JOHN KEATS
 1795-1821

The Cloths of Heaven

HAD I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
 Enwrought with golden and silver light,
 The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
 Of night and light and the half light,
 I would spread the cloths under your feet
 but I, being poor, have only my dreams,
 I have spread my dreams under your feet;
 Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

W. B. YEATS

Non Nobis

NOT unto us, O Lord,
Not unto us the rapture of the day,
The peace of night, or love's divine surprise,
High heart, high speech, high deeds 'mid honour-
ing eyes,
For at Thy word
All these are taken away.

Not unto us, O Lord
To us Thou givest the scorn, the scourge, the scar,
The ache of life, the loneliness of death,
The-insufferable sufficiency of breath,
And with Thy sword
Thou piercest very far

Not unto us, O Lord
Nay, Lord, but unto her be all things given—
My light and life and earth and sky be blasted—
But let not all that wealth of loss be wasted.
Let Hell afford
The pavement of her Heaven!

HENRY CUST
1861-1917

Written 1 Northampton County Asyl

I AM! yet what I am who cares, or knows?
My friends forsake me like a memory lost
I am the self-consumer of my woes,
They rise and vanish, an oblivious host,
Shadows of life, whose very soul is lost
And yet I am—I live—though I am toss'd

J CLARE * R BROWNING

Into the nothingness of scorn d noise,
 Into the living sea of waking dream,
Where there is neither sense of life, nor joys,
 But the huge shipwreck of my own esteem
And all that's dear Even those I loved the best
Are strange—nay, they are stranger than the rest.

I long for scenes where man has never trod—
 For scenes where woman never smiled or wept—
There to abide with my Creator, God,
 And sleep as I in childhood sweetly slept,
Full of high thoughts, unborn So let me lie,—
The grass below, above, the vaulted sky

JOHN CLARE
1793-1864

Home-thoughts, fro Abroad

O TO be in England
Now that April 's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bou h
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where mÿ blossom'd pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's
 edge—
That 's the wise thrush, he sings each song twice
 over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!

R. BROWNING ❀ R W. EMERSON

And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

ROBERT BROWNING

1812-1889

Home-thoughts, from the Sea

NOBLY, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the
North-west died away,
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reekin into
Cadiz Bay,
lush 'mid the burning water, full in face
Trafalgar lay,
In the dimmest North-east distance dawn'd
Gibraltar grand and gray,
“Here and here did England help me how c I
help England?”—say,
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to
praise and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa

ROBERT BROWNING

1812-1889

Brahma

IF the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again

Far or forgot to me is near,
Shadow and sunlight are the same;
The vanish'd gods to me appear,
And one to me are shame and fame.

EMERSON ❀ LANDOR ❀ GASCOIGNE

They reckon ill who leave me out,
When me they fly, I am the wings,
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred Seven,
But thou, meek lover of the good!
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

R W EMERSON
1803-1882

Fims

I STROVE with none, for none was worth my
strife
Nature I loved and, next to Nature, Art;
I warm'd both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR
1775-1864

A Lover's Lullaby

SING lullaby, as women do,
Wherewith they bring their babes to rest;
And lullaby can I sing too,
As womanly as can the best.
With lullaby they still the child;
And if I be not much beguiled,
Full many wanton babes have I,
Which must be still'd with lullaby.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE

First lullaby my youthful years,
It is now time to go to bed
For crookèd age and hoary hairs
Have won the haven within my head.
With lullaby, then, youth be still;
With lullaby content thy will,
Since courage quails and comes behind,
Go sleep, and so beguile thy mind!

Next lullaby my gazing eyes,
Which wonted were to lance apace,
For every glass may now suffice
To show the furrows in my face.
With lullaby then wink awhile,
With lullaby your looks beguile,
Let no fair face, nor beauty bright,
Entice you eft with vain delight

And lullaby my wanton will,
Let reasons rule, now reign thy thought;
Since all too late I find by skill
How dear I have thy fancies bought;
With lullaby now take thine ease,
With lullaby thy doubts appease;
For trust to this, if thou be still,
My body shall obey thy will

Thus lullaby my youth, mine eyes,
My will, my ware, and all that was:
I can no more delays devise,
But welcome pain, let pleasure pass
With lullaby now take your leave,
With lullaby your dreams deceive,
And when you rise with waking eye,
Remember then this lullaby

GEORGE GASCOIGNE

1525?-1577

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Freedo

IT is not to be thought of that the flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flow'd, "with pomp of waters, unwith-
stood,"—

Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,—
That this most famous stream in bogs and sands
Should perish, and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible Knights of old:
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespearespake, the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held —In everything we are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

1770-1850

The Sonnet

I

NUNS fret not at their convent's narrow room,
And hermits are contented with their cells,
And students with their pensive citadels,
Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,
Sit blithe and happy, bees that soar for bloo
High as the highest peak of Furness fells,
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells:
In truth the prison unto which we doom
Ourselves no prison is and hence for me,
In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound
Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground,
Pleased if some souls (for such there needs must be)
Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,
Should find brief solace there, as I have found

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

II

SCORN not the Sonnet, Critic, you have
frown'd,

Mindless of its just honours, with this key
Shakespeare unlock'd his heart, the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound,
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound,

With it Camoens sooth'd an exile's grief,
The Sonnet glitter'd a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crown'd

His visionary brow a glow-worm lamp,
It cheer'd mild Spenser, call'd from Faery-land
To struggle through dark ways, and when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The Thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

1770-1850

Upon Westminster Bridge

EARTH has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by

A sight so touching in its majesty
This City now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning, silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie

Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep

In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!

The river glideth at his own sweet will.
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep,
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

1770-1850

The World

THE world is too much with us, late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
 Little we see in Nature that is ours,
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
 This sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,
 And are up-gather'd now like sleeping flowers;
 For this, for everything, we are out of tune,
 It moves us not —Great God! I'd rather be
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

1770-1850

Death

DEATH, be not proud, though some have
 callèd thee
 Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so
 For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
 Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
 From Rest and Sleep, which but thy picture be,
 Much pleasure, then from thee much more must
 flow,
 And soonest our best men with thee do go—
 Rest of their bones and souls' delivery!
 'Thou 'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate
 men,

J DONNE * P B SHELLEY

And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell;
And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well
And better than thy stroke Why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more. Death, thou shalt
die!

JOHN DONNE

1573-1631

To the Men of England

MEN of England, wherefore plough
For the lords who lay ye low?
Wherefore weave with toil and care
The rich robes your tyrants wear?

Wherefore feed and clothe and save,
From the cradle to the grave,
Those ungrateful drones who would
Drain your sweat—nay, drink your blood?

Wherefore, Bees of England, forge
Many a weapon, chain, and scourge,
That these stingless drones may spoil
The forced produce of your toil?

Have ye leisure, comfort, calm,
Shelter, food, love's gentle balm?
Or what is it ye buy so dear
With your pain and with your fear?

The seed ye sow another reaps:
The wealth ye find another keeps;
The robes ye weave another wears,
The arms ye forge another bears.

Sow seed—but let no tyrant reap ·
Find wealth,—let no imposter heap,
Weave robes,—let not the idle wear,
Forge arms, in your defence to bear.

Shrink to your cellars, holes, and cells;
In halls ye deck another dwells
Why shake the chains ye wrought? Ye see
The steel ye tempered glance on ye.

With plough and spade and hoe and loo
Trace your grave, and build your tomb,
And weave your winding-sheet, till fair
England be your sepulchre!

PERCY BYSS E S ELLEY

1792-1822

Say ot the Struggle Naught vailleth

SAY not the struggle naught availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain .

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars,
It may be, in yon smoke conceal'd,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breakin ,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets makin
Comes silent, flooding in, the main

And not by eastern windows only,
 When daylight comes, comes in the light,
 In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
 But westward, look, the land is bright!

ARTHUR UGH CLOUGH

1819-1861

Frost at Midnight

THE Frost performs its secret ministry,
 Unhelped by any wind The owl's cry
 Came loud—and hark, again! loud as before
 The inmates of my cottage, all at rest,
 Have left me to that solitude, which suits
 Abstruser musings save that at my side
 My cradled infant slumbers peacefully
 'Tis calm indeed! so calm, that it disturbs
 And vexes meditation with its strange
 And extreme silentness Sea, hill, and wood,
 This populous village! Sea, and hill, and wood,
 With all the numberless goings-on of life,
 Inaudible as dreams! the thin blue flame
 Lies on my low-burnt fire, and quivers not,
 Only that film, which fluttered on the grate,
 Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing
 Methinks, its motion in this hush of nature
 Gives it dim sympathy with me who live,
 Making it a companionable form,
 Whose puny flaps and freaks the idling Spirit
 y its own moods interprets, every where
 Echo or murmur seeking of itself,
 And makes a toy of Thought

But O! how oft,
 How oft, at school, with most believing mind,
 Presageful, have I gazed upon the bars,

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

To watch that fluttering *stranger*¹ and as oft
With unclosed lids, already had I dreamt
Of my sweet birth-place, and the old church-
tower,
Whose bells, the poor man's only music, rang
From morn to evening, all the hot Fair-day,
So sweetly, that they stirred and haunted me
With a wild pleasure, falling on mine ear
Most like articulate sounds of things to come!
So gazed I, till the soothing things, I dreamt,
Lulled me to sleep, and sleep prolonged y
dreams!

And so I brooded all the following morn,
Awed by the stern preceptor's face, mine eye
Fixed with mock study on my swimming book:
Ave if the door half opened, and I snatched
A hasty glance, and still my heart leaped up,
For still I hoped to see the *stranger's* face,
Townsend, or aunt, or sister more beloved,
My play-mate when we both were clothed alike!

Dear Babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,
Fill up the interspersed vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought!
My babe so beautiful! it thrills my heart
With tender gladness, thus to look at thee,
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore,
And in far other scenes! For I was reared
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars
Out *thou*, my babe! shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds,
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags so shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible

S T COLERIDGE * J OLDHAM

Of that eternal language, which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in himself
Great universal Teacher! he shall mould
Thy spirit, and by living make it ask.

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
 etwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while the night thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw, whether the eave-drops
 fall

Heard only in the trances of the blast,
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet Moon

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

1772-1834

Quiet Soul

THY soul within such silent pomp did keep,
As if humanity were lull'd asleep;
So gentle was thy pilgrimage beneath,
Thine's unheard feet scarce make less noise,
Or the soft journey which a planet goes.
Life seem'd all calm as its last breath
A still tranquillity so hush'd thy breast
As if some Halcyon were its guest,
And there had built her nest,
It hardly now enjoys a greater rest

JOHN OLDHAM

1653-1683

ROBERT HERRICK

A Child's Grace

HERE a little child I stand
Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to Thee,
For a benison to fall
On our eat and on us all Amen

ROBERT HERRICK

1591-1674

PART V

Pipp 's Song

THE year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn,
Morning's at seven,
The hill-side's dew-pearl'd,
The lark's on the wing,
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!

ROBERT BROWNING

1812-1889

I see His blood 'po the rose

I SEE His blood upon the rose
And in the stars the glory of His eyes,
His body gleams amid eternal snows,
His tears fall from the skies

see His face in every flower;
The thunder and the singing of the birds
Are but His voice—and carven by His power
Rocks are His written words

All pathways by His feet are worn,
His strong heart stirs the ever-beating sea,
His crown of thorns is twined with every thorn,
His cross is every tree

JOSEPH PLUNKETT

1887-1916

Fleet Street

I NEVER see the newsboys run
 Amid the whirling street,
 With swift untiring feet,
 To cry the latest venture done,
 But I expect one day to hear
 Them cry the crack of doom
 And risings from the tomb,
 With great Archangel Michael near;
 And see them running from the Fleet
 As messengers of God,
 With Heaven's tidings shod
 About their brave unwearied feet

SHANE LESLIE

The Bells of Heave

TWOULD ring the bells of Heaven
 The wildest peal for years,
 If Parson lost his senses
 And people came to theirs,
 And he and they together
 Knelt down with angry prayers
 For tamed and shabby tigers,
 And dancing dogs and bears,
 And wretched, blind pit ponies,
 And little hunted hares.

RALPH HODGSON

From Auguries of Innocence

TO see a World in a rain of sand,
 And a Heaven in a wild flower,
 Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,
 And Eternity in an hour

A robin redbreast in a cage
 Puts all Heaven in a rage
 A dove-house fill'd with doves and pigeons
 Shudders Hell thro' all its regions.
 A dog starved at his master's gate
 Predicts the ruin of the State
 A horse misus'd upon the road
 Calls to Heaven for human blood
 Each outcry of the hunted hare
 A fibre from the brain doth tear.
 A skylark wounded in the wing,
 A cherubim doth cease to sing
 The game-cock clapt and arm'd for fight
 Does the rising sun affright
 Every wolf's and lion's howl
 Raises from Hell a Human soul
 The wild deer, wandering here and there,
 Keeps the Human soul from care
 The lamb misus'd breeds public strife,
 And yet forgives the butcher's knife.
 The bat that flits at close of eve
 Has left the brain that won't believe.
 The owl that calls upon the night
 Speaks the unbeliever's fright
 He who shall hurt the little wren
 Shall never be beloved by men

WILLIAM BLA

1757-1827

The Do key

WHEN fishes flew and forests walked
 And figs grew upon thorn,
 Some moment when the moon was blood
 Then surely I was born,

CHESTERTON * ROSSETTI

With monstrous head and sickening cry
And ears like errant wings,
The devil's walking parody
On all four-footed things.

The tattered outlaw of the earth,
Of ancient crooked will,
Starve, scourge, deride me I am dumb,
I keep my secret still.

Fools! For I also had my hour,
One far fierce hour and sweet:
There was a shout about my ears,
And palms before my feet

G K CHESTERTON

The Blessèd Damozel

THE blessèd damozel lean'd out
From the gold bar of Heaven,
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters still'd at even,
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service meetly worn;
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn

Herseem'd she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers,
The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

(To one, it is ten years of years.

Yet now, and in this place,
Surely she lean'd o'er me—her h r
Fell all about y face
Nothin the autumn-fall of leaves
The whole year sets apace)

It was the rampart of God's house
That she w standing on,
y God built over the sheer depth
The which is Space begun,
So high, that looking downward thence
She scarce could see the sun

It lies in Heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge
eneath, the tides of day and ni ht
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge

Around her, lovers, newly met
'Mid deathless love's acclaims,
Spoke evermore among themselves
Their heart-remember'd names,
And the souls ountin up to God
Went by her like thin flames

And still she bow'd herself and stoop'd
Out of the circling cha ;
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she lean'd on warm,
And the lilies lay if asleep
Along her bended arm

From the fix'd place of Heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove
 Within the gulf to pierce
Its path, and now she spoke as when
 The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now, the curl'd moon
 Was like a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf, and now
 She spoke through the still weather.
Her voice was like the voice the stars
 Had when they sang together

(Ah sweet! Even now, in that bird's song,
 Strove not her accents there,
Fain to be hearkened? When those bells
 Possess'd the mid-day air,
Strove not her steps to reach my side
 Down all the echoing stair?)

"I wish that he were come to me
 For he will come," she said
"Have I not pray'd in Heaven?—on earth,
 Lord, Lord, has he not pray'd?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?
 And shall I feel afraid?"

"When round his head the aureole clings,
 And he is clothed in white,
I'll take his hand and go with him
 To the deep wells of light,
As unto a stream we will step down,
 And bathe there in God's sight

"We two will stand beside that shrine,
 Occult, withheld, untrod,
Whose lamps are stirred continually
 With prayer sent up to God,
And see our old prayers, granted, elt
 Each like a little cloud

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

"We two will lie i' the shadow of
That living mystic tree,
Within whose secret growth the Dove
Is sometimes felt to be,
While every leaf that His plumes touch
Saith His Name audibly

"And I myself will teach to him,
I myself, lying so,
The songs I sing here, which his voice
Shall pause in, hush'd and slow,
And find some knowledge at each pause,
Or some new thing to know "

(Alas! We two, we two, thou say'st!
Yea, one wast thou with me
That once of old But shall God lift
To endless unity
The soul whose likeness with thy soul
Was but its love for thee?)

"We two," she said, "will seek the groves
Where the lady Mary is,
With her five handmaidens, whose names
Are five sweet symphonies,
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret d Rosalys

"Circlewise sit they, with bound locks
And foreheads garlanded,
Into the fine cloth white like flame
Weaving the golden thread,
To fashion the birth-ropes for them
Who are just born, being dead

"He shall fear, haply, and be dumb.
Then will I lay my cheek

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

To his, and tell about our love,
Not once abash'd or weak
And the dear Mother will approve
My pride, and let me speak

"Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
To Him round whom all souls
Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads
owed with their aureoles
And angels meetin us shall sing
To their citherns and citoles

"There will I ask of Christ the Lord
Thus much for him and me —
Only to live as once on earth
With Love,—only to be,
As then awhile, for ever now
Together, I and he "

She gazed and listen'd and then said,
Less sad of speech than mild,—
"All this is when he comes " She ceased
The light thrill'd towards her, fill'd
With angels in strong level flight.
Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

(I saw her smile) But soon their path
Was vague in distant spheres
And then she cast her arms alon
The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands,
And wept. (I heard her tears)

ANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI
1828-1882

FRANCIS THOMPSON

The Kingdo of God

“In no Strange Land”

O WORLD invisible, we view thee,
O world intangible, we touch thee,
O world unknowable, we know thee,
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,
The eagle plunge to find the air—
That we ask of the stars in motion
If they have rumour of thee there?

Not where the wheeling systems darken,
And our benumbed conceiving soars!
The drift of pinions, would we hearken,
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places;—
Turn but a stone, and start a wing!
'Tis ye, 'tis your estrangèd faces,
That miss the many-splendoured thing.

ut (when so sad thou canst not sadder)
Cry,—and upon thy so sore loss
hall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charin Cross

Yea, in the night, my S ul, my daughter,
Cry,—clinging Heaven by the hems,
And lo, Christ walking on the water
Not of Gennesareth, but Thames!

FRANCIS THOMPSON

1859-1907

To a Snowflake

WHAT heart could have thought you?—
 Past our devisal
 (O filigree petal!)
 Fashioned so purely,
 Fragilely, surely,
 Fro' what Paradisal
 Imagineless metal,
 Too costly for cost?
 Who hammered you, wrought you,
 From argentine vapour?—
 "God was my shaper
 Passing surmisal,
 He hammered, He wrought e,
 From curled silver vapour,
 To lust of His mind —
 Thou couldst not have thought me!
 So purely, so palely,
 Tinily, surely,
 Mightily, frailly,
 Insculped and embossed,
 With His hammer of wind,
 And His graver of frost"

FRANCIS THOMPSON

1859-1907

Mr Valia^t-for-truth's Song

(Fro' *The Pilgrim's Progress*)

WHO would true valour see,
 Let him come hither;
 One here will constant be,
 Come wind, come weather.

UNYAN ❀ W. WHITMAN

There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avow'd intent
To be a pilgrim

Who so beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound,—
His strength the more is,
No lion can him fright,
He'll with a giant fight;
ut he will have a ri ht
To be a pilgrim.

Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
Can daunt his spirit,
He knows he at the end
Shall life inherit
Then fancies fly away,
He'll fear not what men say;
He'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.

JOHN BUNYAN

1628-1688

The Last Invocation

AT the last, tenderly,
From the walls of the powerful, fortress'd
house,
From the clasp of the knitted locks—from the keep
of the well-closed doors,
Let me be wafted
Let e glide noiselessly forth,
With the key of softness unlock the locks—with a
whisper
Set ope the doors, O soul!

W. WHITMAN * W BLAKE

Tenderly! be not impatient!
(Strong is your hold, O mortal flesh!
tron is your hold, O love!)

WALT WHITMAN
1819-1892

The Tiger

TIGER, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
urnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And, when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand and what dread feet?

What the hammer? What the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

WILLIAM BLAKE
1757-1827

HENRY CHARLES EECING

Fatherhood

A KISS, a word of thanks, away
They're gone, and you forsaken learn
The blessedness of giving, they
(So Nature bids) forget, nor turn
To where you sit, and watch, and yearn

And you (so Nature bids) would o
Through fire and water for their sake,
Rise early, late take rest, to sow
Their wealth, and lie all night awake
If but their little finger ache

The storied prince with wondrous hair
Which stole men's hearts and wrought his bale,
Rebelling, since he had no heir,
Built him a pillar in the vale,
—Absalom's—lest his name should fail.

It fails not, though the pillar lies
In dust, because the outraged one,
His father, with strong agones
Cried it until the day was done—
“O Absalom, my son, my son!”

So Nature bade, or might it be
God, who in Jewry once (they say)
Cried with a great cry, “Come to me,
Children,” who still held on their way,
Though He spread out His hands all day?

HENRY CHARLES BEECHING

1859-1919

E. H. YOUNG ❀ R GRAVES

Christmas

A BOY was born at Bethlehem
that knew the haunts of Galilee
He wandered on Mount Lebanon,
and learned to love each forest tree.

But I was born at Marlborough,
and love the homely faces there;
and for all other men besides
'tis little love I have to spare

I should not mind to die for them,
my own dear downs, my comrades true.
ut that great heart of Bethlehem,
he died for men he never knew.

And yet, I think, at Golgotha,
as Jesus' eyes were closed in death,
they saw with love most passionate
the village street at Nazareth

E HILTON YOUNG

H M S *Iron Duke*, 1914

In the Wilderness

CHRIST of his entleness
Thirsting and hungering,
Walked in the wilderness,
Soft words of grace He spoke
Unto lost desert-folk
That listened wondering
He heard the bitterns call
From ruined palace wall,
Answered them brotherly.

R. GRAVES * C PATMORE

He held communion
With the she-pelican
Of lonely piety
Basilisk, cockatrice,
Flocked to His homilies,
With mail of dread device,
With monstrous barbed stings,
With eager dragon-eyes,
Great rats on leather wings
And poor blind broken things,
Foul in their miseries
And ever with Him went,
Of all His wanderings
Comrade, with ragged coat,
Gaunt ribs—poor innocent—
Bleeding foot, burning throat,
The guileless old scape-goat,
For forty nights and days
Followed in Jesus' ways,
Sure guard behind Him kept,
Tears like a lover wept

ROBERT GRAVES

The Toys

MY little Son, who look'd from thoughtful
eyes
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,
I struck him, and dismiss'd
With hard words and unkiss'd,
—His Mother, who was patient, being dead
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet

And I, with oan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of y own;
For, on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters and a red-vein'd stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with bluebells,
And two French copper coins, ranged there with
careful art,
To comfort his sad heart
So when that night I pray'd
To God, I wept, and said
Ah, when at last we lie with trancèd breath,
Not vexin Thee in death,
And Thou rememberest of what toys
We ade our joys,
How weakly understood
Thy reat commanded good,
Then, fatherly not less
Than I whom Thou hast moulded fro the clay,
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,
"I will be sorry for their childishness "

COVENTRY PATMO

1823-1896

Sheep and Lambs

ALL in the April morning,
April airs were abroad,
The sheep with their little lambs
Pass'd me by on the road.

The sheep with their little lambs
Pass'd me by on the road,
All in an April evening
I thought on the Lamb of God.

K. T. HINKSON * SIR W. RALEIGH

The lambs were weary, and cryn
With a weak human cry,
I thought on the Lamb of God
Going meekly to die.

Up in the blue, blue mountains
Dewy pastures are sweet
Rest for the little bodies,
Rest for the little feet

Rest for the Lamb of God
Up on the hill-top green,
Only a cross of shame
Two stark crosses between.

All in the April evening,
April airs were abroad,
I saw the sheep with their lambs,
And thought on the Lamb of God.

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON

His Pilgrimage

GIVE me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon,
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage,
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage

lood must be my body's balmer,
No other balm will there be given;
Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,
Travelleth towards the land of heaven;
Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar fountains,
There will I kiss
The bowl of bliss,

RALEIGH CRASHAW ✽ BROWN

And drink mine everlastin fill
Upon every milken hill
My soul will be a-diy before,
ut, after, it will thirst no more

SIR WALTER RALEIG

1552-1618

Upo the Crucifi

THY restless feet now cannot go
For us and our eternal ood,
As they were ever wont What though?
They swim Alas, in their own flood.

Thy hands to give Thou canst not lift,
Yet will Thy hand still givin be,
It gives, but O, itself's the gift!
It gives tho' bound, tho' bound 'tis free!

RICHARD CRASHAW

1613-1649

Pr esto

EXPECTING Him, my door was open wide,
Then I looked round
If any lack of service might be found,
And saw Him enter by my side
How entered, by what secret stair,
I know not, knowing only He was there.

T OMAS EDWARD BROWN

1830-1897

GEORGE HERBERT

The Collar

I STRUCK the board, and cried, No more;
I will abroad
What! shall I ever sⁱ h and pine?
My lines and life are free, free as the road,
Loose as the wind, as large as store
Shall I be still in suit?
Have I no harvest, but a thorn
To let me blood, and not restore
What I have lost with cordial fruit?
Sure there was wine
Before my sighs did dry it, there was corn
Before my tears did drown it.
Is the year only lost to me?
Have I no bays to crown it?
No flowers, no garlands gay? All blasted?
All wasted?
Not so, my heart, but there is fruit,
And thou h^o t hands
Recover all thy sigh-blown age
On double pleasures, leave thy cold dispute
Of what is fit and not, forsake thy cage,
Thy rope of sands,
Which petty thoughts have made, and made to
thee
Good cable, to enforce d draw
And be thy law,
While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
Away! take heed,
I will abroad
Call in thy death's-head there, tie up thy fears.
He that forbears
To suit and serve his need
Deserves his load

HERBERT * CHRIST CHURCH MS.

But as I raved, and grew more fierce and wild
At every word,
Methought I heard one calling, CHILD
And I replied, MY LORD

GEORGE HERBERT

1593-1632

Preparations

YET if His Majesty, our sovereign lord,
Should of his own accord
Friendly himself invite,
And say "I'll be your guest to-morrow night,"
How should we stir ourselves, call and command
All hands to work! "Let no man idle stand!

"Set me fine Spanish tables in the hall,
See they be fitted all,
Let there be room to eat
And order taken that there want no meat
See every scone and candlestick made bright,
That without tapers they may give a light

"Look to the presence are the carpets spread,
The dazie o'er the head,
The cushions in the chairs,
And all the candles lighted on the stairs?
Perfume the chambers, and in any case
Let each man give attendance in his place!"

Thus, if a king were coming, would we do;
And 'twere good reason too,
For 'tis a duteous thing
To show all honour to an earthly king,
And after all our travail and our cost,
So he be pleased, to think no labour lost.

CHRIST CHURCH MS * TRAHERNE

ut at the coming of the King of Heaven
All's set at six and seven,
We wallow in our sin,
Christ cannot find a chamber in the inn
We entertain Him always like a stranger,
And, as at first, still lodge Him in the manger.

CHRIST CHURCH MS , c 1600

News

NEWS from a foreign country came
As if my treasure and my wealth lay
there,
So much it did my heart inflame,
'Twas wont to call my Soul into mine ear;
Which thither went to meet
The approaching sweet,
And on the threshold stood
To entertain the unknown Good.
It hover'd there
As if 'twould leave mine ear,
And was so eager to embrace
The joyful tidings as they came,
'Twould almost leave its dwelling-place
To entertain that same

As if the tidings were the things,
My very joys themselves, my foreign treasure—
Or else did bear them on their wings—
With so much joy they came, with much pleasure
My Soul stood at that gate
To recreate
Itself with bliss, and to
people'd with speed A fuller view
It fain would take,
Yet journeys back would make

THOMAS TRAHERNE

Unto my heart, as if 'twould fain
Go out to meet, yet stay within
To fit a place to entertain
And bring the tidings in.

What sacred instinct did inspire
My soul in childhood with a hope so strong?
What secret force moved my desire
To expect joys beyond the seas, so young?
Felicity I knew
Was out of view,
And being here alone,
I saw that happiness was gone
From me! For this
I thirsted absent bliss,
And thought that sure beyond the seas,
Or else in something near at hand—
I knew not yet—since nature had did please
I knew—my Bliss did stand.

But little did the infant dream
That all the treasures of the world were by:
And that himself was so the cream
And crown of all which round about did lie.
Yet thus it was the Gem,
The Diadem,
The ring enclosing all
That stood upon this earthly ball,
The Heavenly eye,
Much wider than the sky,
Wherein they all included were,
The glorious Soul, that was the King
Made to possess them, did appear
As all and little thing!

THOMAS TRAHERNE

1637-1674

WILLIAM WORDSWORT

Ode

*Intitatio of Immortality fr Recollectio
of Early Childhood*

THERE was a time when meadow, rove, d
stream,

The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem

Appell'd in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dre
It is not now it hath been of yore,—

Turn wheresoe'er I ay,

By night or day,

The things which I have seen I now can see no
ore

The rainbow comes and goes,

And lovely is the rose,

The moon doth with delight

Look round her when the heavens e bare,

Waters on a starry night

Are beautiful and fair,

The sunshine is a glorious birth;

But yet I know, where'er I go,

That there hath pass'd away a glory from the earth

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,

And while the young l b s bound

As to the tabor's sound,

To e alone there came a thought of grief

A timely utterance gave that thought relief,

And I again am strong

The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep,

No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;

I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,

The winds come to e from the fields of sleep,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

And all the earth is gay,
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday,—
Thou Child of Joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou
happy Shepherd-boy!

Ye blessèd creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make, I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fullness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
O evil day! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May-morning,
And the children are culling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers, while the sun shines war
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm.—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
—But there's a tree, of many, one,
A single field which I have look'd upon,
Of them speak of something that is gone:
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting.
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar

WILLIAM WO D WORT

Not in entire for etfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
ut trailing clouds of glory do we come
Fro God, who is our ho e
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
ut he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy,
The Youth, ho daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended,
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with so ething of a mother's ind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learnèd art;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral,
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he fra es his son :

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife,
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part,
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity,
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—
Mighty prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Roods like the Day, a master o'er a slave,
A presence which is not to be put by,
To whom the grave
Is but a lonely bed without the sense or sight
Of day or the warm light,
A place of thought where we in waiting lie;
Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest—
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast.—
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise,
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal Nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing,
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence truths that wake,
To perish never
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!

We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!

What though the radiance which was once so
bright

e now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower,
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind,
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be,
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering,
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind

And O ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might,
I only have relinquish'd one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway
I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripp'd lightly they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
Is lovely yet,

The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.

WORDSWORTH * LYDGATE * BRIDGES

Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thou hts that do often lie too deep for tears

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

1770-1850

Vox lti Crucis

TARYE no lenger, toward thyn heritage
H t on thy weye, and be of ryght good chere.
Go eche day onward on thy pylgrymage,
Thynke how short tyme thou hast abyden here
Thy place is byg ed above the sterres clere,
Noon erthly palys wrought in so statly wyse
Come on, my frend, my brother most entere!
For the I offered y blood in sacryfice

JOHN LYDGATE

1370?-1450?

I love all beauteo things

I LOVE all beauteous things,
I seek and adore them,
God hath no better praise,
And an in his hasty days
Is honoured for the

I too will something make
And joy in the aking,
Altho' to-morrow it seem
Like the epty words of a dream
Re ebered on waking

ROBERT BRIDGES

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CAMBRIDGE PRINTED BY
W LEWIS
AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS